SELECT REVIEWS.

FOR OCTOBER, 1809.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

Lettres et Pensées du Maréchal Prince de Ligne, publiés par Madame la Baronne de Staël Holstein. Letters and Thoughts of Marshal Prince de Ligne, published by the Baroness de Staël Holstein. 2 vols. octavo, price 10*s*. London, 1809.

THE name of the fair editor, which graces the title page of this publication, might, alone, afford a strong presumption in its favour. For in this mode of literary adoption, the judgment of a writer of her high reputation and discernment, cannot be biassed by those parental feelings which too often are the prolifick source of selfdelusion. Indeed, some over cautious criticks, knowing the lady's extraordinary turn of mind; her romantick democracy; her subtle metaphysicks, and her *perfectability of melancholy*,* might pause a while, thinking it likely that, notwithstanding her acknowledged talents, the work she has thus ushered before the publick, might be a stupendous production of the genuine German school. In this, however, they will be most agreeably disappointed. "The marshal prince de Ligne," as the editor tells us in her preface [page 1 and *passim*] "was acknowledged by all Frenchmen (those of happier times, of course) as one of the liveliest, best bred men in France. And seldom did they give that praise to a man who was not born among them. The prince de Ligne is even the only foreigner, perhaps, who in French composition, may be taken as a model, instead of being considered as a copyist. [We know another foreigner, much superiour to the prince in the originality of his French compositions; we mean our countryman Hamilton.] His bravery had that dashing character of impetuosity, which is usually attributed to French courage. There is reason to suspect, that on various occasions, since the date of his letters, the prince de Ligne would have wished for more opportunities to display his French bravery against the French. "It follows of course, that the editor has not taken upon herself to refute or to support, any of the opinions maintained by the prince de Ligne, on different subjects," &c. This alludes principally to the sentiments expressed by the prince on the French nation, and French revolution; sentiments not perfectly congenial to those of the

* Madame de Staël has written to prove, that the absolute perfection of human nature is a state of perfect melancholy; and that we are distinguished from brutes, only by a disposition to arrive at that perfect state: to express which, she has coined the word *perfectibilité*.

editor, or to those of the present ruler of France. This blemish, however, will not weigh heavily against the prince de Ligne in the judgment of our readers. And they will peruse, with a lively interest, the spontaneous effusions of a nobleman already known by several valuable publications on history, and on military affairs. A nobleman who saw his company courted, and his conversation sought after by the greatest men of his age; who served his sovereign successfully, both in the cabinet, and in the field; who enjoyed the favour and even the intimacy, of *six* crowned heads; among whom were Frederick II. of Prussia, Joseph II. of Austria, and Catharine II. of Russia; who, to the most brilliant gallantry joined the most accurate judgment, with the most thorough knowledge of the world; and who, in the midst of courts, knew how to flatter without degrading himself, and to speak the truth without offending the delicate ears of majesty. The following extracts display the true character of the prince de Ligne's work; and therefore we shall introduce them without further preliminaries.

The first is an extract from a sprightly account given by the prince of a journey in company with their imperial majesties of Russia and Austria, and holding conversations with them on subjects so interesting and important, that we will not lose the privilege of listening. We have seldom an opportunity of joining such distinguished society, or of visiting the distant region to which a few lines will now transport us.

"I fancy myself still dreaming, when in the corner of a coach with six seats, which is a real triumphal chariot, adorned with cyphers in precious stones, I find myself seated between two persons, on whose shoulders the heat often makes me fall asleep, and from whom, in waking, I hear these expressions:—'I have thirty millions of subjects, as they say, reckoning only the males.'—'I have twenty-two,' replies the other, 'including all.'—'I ought to have an army of at least six hundred thousand men,' says the first, 'from Kamschatka to Riga.'—'With half that number,' answers the second, 'I am exactly suited.'

"In our carriage, we pass in review all states and all great people. God knows how we treat them. 'Rather than subscribe to the separation of thirteen provinces, like my brother George,' said Catharine the second, 'I would have shot myself.'—'And rather than dismiss myself, as my brother and brother-in-law have done, by convoking and reassembling the nation to talk of abuses, I know not what I would have done,' said Joseph the second.

"They agreed in opinion also respecting the king of Sweden, whom they did not like, and against whom the emperour said he had taken a prejudice in Italy, on account of a robe de chambre of blue and silver, with a bunch of diamonds. They allowed him energy, talent, and understanding.—'Yes certainly,' I said in his defence (for the favours conferred by him on me, and the marks of a great character which I have seen him display, attach me to him) 'Your majesty really ought to prohibit a dreadful libel, which dares to treat as a Don Quixote, a prince of excellent qualities, amiable, and endowed with genius.'

"Their imperial majesties sometimes felt one another's pulse in respect to those poor devils the Turks; and they threw out observations, looking at one another. As an admirer of glorious antiquity, and a little fond of novelty, I spoke of re-establishing the Greeks; and Catharine wished to give birth again to Lycurguses and Solons. For my part, I spoke of Alcibiades: but Joseph the second, who attends more to the future than the past, and is more attached to substance than imagination, inquired: 'What the devil must we do with Constantinople?'

"In this manner, they captured several islands and provinces, without appearing to be engaged in any thing particular; and I said within myself: 'Your majesties will only capture miseries.'—'We treat him too well,' said the emperour, speaking of me; 'he has not sufficient respect for us. Do you know, madame, that he was in love with one of my father's mistresses; and that he defeated me when just entering into life, in a contest for a marchioness, who was beautiful as an angel, and who was the first love of us both?'

"Here is no reserve between these two great sovereigns. They related to each other the most interesting circumstances. 'Has your life never been attempted? I have been menaced.—I have received

anonymous letters. Here is a confessor's tale,—and delightful details unknown to the whole world, &c."

The writer's portrait of prince Potemkin will be interesting to others beside those who wish to form a judgment of Russian commanders.

"Behold a general-in-chief, who seems lazy, yet his mind is incessantly occupied; who has no desk but his knees, and no comb but his fingers. Always stretched at full length, sleeping neither day nor night, because he is kept in a continual state of agitation, by his zeal for the service of his sovereign whom he worships as a deity, and because he starts at the firing of a gun not aimed against himself, from the idea that it may cost the life of some of his soldiers. Fearful for others, yet exposing his own person; stopping under the hottest fire of a battery to give orders, yet having more of Ulysses than of Achilles; uneasy at the foresight of any kind of dangers; gay in the midst of them; sad when surrounded with pleasures; miserable by too much happiness; benumbed in all his powers of perception; easily wearied, sullen, inconstant, a deep philosopher, an able minister, a sublime politician, or—a child of ten years old. In no wise vindictive; apologizing for the slightest pain he has given; eager to repair an injustice; believing that he loves God; fearing the devil, whom he conceits to be greater still and bulkier than a prince Potemkin; kissing one hand to the women he likes; crossing himself with the other; folding his arms on his breast at the foot of a Madona; entwining them round the alabaster neck of his mistress; receiving innumerable favours from his great sovereign; sharing them immediately after; accepting lands from the empress; returning them immediately, or paying her debts without acquainting her; selling, then buying again immense estates, to erect a colonade, or plant an English garden; then parting with them again; gambling incessantly, or not at all; more inclined to give away his money, than to pay his debts; immensely rich, or pennyless; alternately full of suspicions, or of confident good nature; of jealousy, or of gratitude; of spleen or of joke; easily prejudiced for or against; changing his mind with equal facility; entertaining his generals with theology, and his archbishops with military topicks; averse to reading, but watching closely in conversation, and contradicting frequently to obtain further information; assuming the most savage or the most amiable countenance; affecting the most disgusting or the most pleasing manners; in short, resembling alternately the proudest satrap of the east, or the most polished courtier of Louis XIV; excessively harsh according to exteriour appearances, but really mild and gentle in his heart; fanciful as to his hours, his meals, his rest, and his amusements; wishing for every thing like a child, yet knowing how to support all kinds of privations like a great man; temperate with all the appearance of a glutton; biting his nails or munching apples or turnips; scolding or laughing, mimicking or cursing, gamboling or praying, singing or meditating; calling to him, sending away from him, calling again twenty aids-de-camp without giving them any orders; supporting heat better than any one, yet always solicitous to procure the most voluptuous baths; despising cold, yet apparently unable to exist without furs; either in his shirt, not retaining even drawers, or in regimentals laced down all the seams; either barefooted, or wearing slippers embroidered with gold spangles, without either a cap or a hat; [in that equipage I saw him once in an engagement] sometimes clad in a sable night gown; sometimes in a magnificent tunick, with his three stars, his ribands, and diamonds as large as one's thumb, round the picture of the empress. These diamonds seem intended there to attract the balls—bent in two, and huddled head to heels when at home. He is tall, erect, haughty, beautiful, noble, majestick or enchanting when he appears at the head of his army, like Agamemnon surrounded by the kings of Greece.

"In what, then, consists his magick art? in his genius; certainly in his genius—and again in his genius. He has, besides, a great share of natural wit, an excellent memory, an excellent mind. He is keen without malice, and artful without cunning. By the happy mixture of his whims he gains every heart. When he happens to be in the benevolent mood, his generosity is unbounded; he is graceful and just in the distribution of rewards; he possesses a great perspicacity; the talent of guessing at what he does not know: with a thorough understanding of mankind."

To show how the prince de Ligne contrived to manage this extraordinary character, while acting as a commissary of the emperour of Austria, at the Russian army before Oczakow, we translate the following

passage from one of his letters addressed to the emperour Joseph II. from the camp before that town.

"I am here absolutely like a nursery maid; but my child is tall, strong, and very froward. Yesterday, again, he asked me: 'Do you believe that you came here to lead me by the nose?'—'Do you believe,' said I, 'that I would have come, had I not expected it? Lazy and without experience, what can you do better, my dear prince, than to trust a man anxiously zealous for your glory, and that of the two empires? So very little is wanting to make you a model of perfection! But what can your genius do, if unassisted by trusty friendship?'

"The prince told me: 'Make your emperour cross the Save, and I will cross the Bog.'—'How can you,' said I, 'stand upon ceremonies, as if you were at the door of a drawing room? My emperour gives you up all claims to precedency. There is a Turkish army acting against him. There is none opposed to you.'—'Do you think,' said he, 'that he would give us crosses of Maria Theresa, and accept crosses of St. George for those who should distinguish themselves in our two armies?' I saw what he was at. He is mad for orders. He has only *twelve* of them; and I assured him that Oczakow was well worth our grand cross; and that if he should facilitate to your majesty, the taking of Belgrade, he might pretend to the order of St. Stephen. I beg, sir, you may be pleased to confirm those hopes I have given him; and if our Roman-catholicity could bend a little in his favour, and promise him the Golden Fleece, he would be entirely our own."

Every one knows, that this Turkish war, the result of the interview of the two sovereigns, on the banks of the Boristhenes, disappointed the interested views of both parties, equally eager for the spoil; but by no means agreed as to their respective share of it. "What the d—l shall we do with Constantinople?" Joseph used to say [vol. I. p. 96.] in the unreserved familiarity which prevailed among the illustrious travellers and their suite, during the whole of their extraordinary journey; yet this apparent friendship covered the heart burnings of jealousy, which even courtly dissimulation itself, could not prevent from breaking out at times. This disposition of the two courts, which was indeed to be expected, may account in some measure for the disasters of Austria and the inactivity of Russia, in the first campaign; but from the publication before us (and we need no better authority) there is abundant reason to believe, that the Turks are a much more formidable enemy to the two empires, than is generally supposed. The prince de Ligne fairly owns as much in several of his letters. Writing to his sovereign from the camp before Oczakow, in October 1788, he says [vol. I. p. 193] "The month of September will repair the misfortunes of the Bannat, and the want of success in Bosnia. Could any one have believed, that this shattered, Mussulman empire, should have reduced Russia to so mortifying a situation?" Again, in a letter to marshal de Lazy, December 1789 [vol. I. p. 226] "Nothing can be thought of at St. Petersburgh, until peace is made with Constantinople. The day the news arrived there that Bulgakoff had been sent to the Seven Towers, the empress was almost sorry for it." The reason of this is, we think, explained by details which the prince de Ligne gives on the Turkish mode of warfare, &c. We shall extract some of these: *passim.*

"I see Turks [vol. II. p. 13, letter to M. Segur] who pass for being void even of common sense in war, yet carry it on with a kind of method; who scatter themselves to prevent the fire of our artillery and of our battalions from being directed against them; aiming perfectly, and firing always at collected objects; by that sharp shooting, hiding their own kind of manœuvres; lurking in every cleft, in every hollow, or on trees; or else advancing in number 40 or 50, with a standard, which they carry, running, and place forward to gain ground. They first kneel on the ground to fire; they then step back to reload, and so on in succession till by another race, in advance, they carry their whirlwind, and their standard further. These standards are intended to mark the line, so that the head of none of these little troops should outpass that of another. Imagine the most dreadful yells, the cries

of *allah!* encouraging the Mussulmen, and causing dismay among the Christians; add to that, the cutting off of heads, and the whole is, I think, terrifick enough. How in the name of wonder, could my father and three uncles, who fought against the Turks, say, that their order of march resembled the flight of geese, that it was shaped like a pig's head, or like the *cuneus* of the ancients? thus

I have seen nothing which could induce the idea that the like ever existed among them."

In the next letter addressed to the same gentleman, also dated from Oczakow, 1st September 1788, the prince de Ligne enters into some further details on the same subject; to which he adds his sentiments on the means of enabling the Christians to fight the infidels on better terms. This last part has been a good deal abridged by the editor, through fear of mistakes. And we shall omit it altogether, when not intimately connected with our object, which is to convey information on the mode of Turkish warfare.

"They run, they climb, they leap, because they are lightly clad, and lightly armed. The weight carried by the stupid Christians, reduces them to the bare power of moving. I had been told that the Turks fought with their arms naked, to have a free use of them, and to cut off heads more dexterously. But this may be more naturally accounted for. They wear neither shirts nor stockings. They are often even without shoes; and except a small waistcoat, and large drawers, they are quite naked, no doubt, to be more active in the warm countries, where they carry on war. Nevertheless, as they are not famous for foresight, they are not otherwise clad in the coldest weather, when they are shut up in their towns, or during a winter campaign.

"Let us have tents as well contrived as those of the Mussulmen; the same faith, if possible, in predestination; and let us try to give the same tools to cavalry, which moving faster than infantry, erects intrenchments, which the last has only to man in occupying its camp.

"Let it be forbidden in the army to pronounce the word *Neboïssé*, which means *do not be afraid;* and which the Turks, who are by no means jocose, pronounce in cutting off a head. I have remarked, that this word has an astonishing effect on Christians. Let the soldier be told beforehand of the yells of the infidels, of their ridiculous prancing, which is useless against us, and hurtful to them. With my regulations, we might easily suffer ourselves to be surrounded by those clouds of spahis [horse soldiers] who buzz about like wasps.

"Coolness is necessary when in presence of any troops in the world; but more especially when before these people; for when the head of an opponent is morally gone, it is soon physically gone also. Whatever has been said of their opium, and of the fury it excites, is an idle tale. Officers may, perhaps, use it, sometimes, but it is too dear for the common Turk; and I have never seen one who had taken any.

"The mein and dress of the haughty Ottoman are more dignified than the awkward air, and very often hang dog looks of Christians. The Turks are, at the same time, the most dangerous, and the most contemptible enemy in the world. Dangerous when they attack; contemptible, when they are anticipated. On heights, and in woods, they have had, till now, the advantage over us; because they run to the attack with confidence, knowing that we have none ourselves when we are thus situated. They have two excellent customs: one is, to get the intrenchments of their camps raised by the spahis, as I mentioned before: and the other is, to dig holes in the ground, or within an intrenchment, to shelter themselves from cannon balls. Every man has his hole, where he remains till the firing is over.

"It is impossible to say positively, which is infantry and which is cavalry. The spahi who has lost his horse, runs and mixes with the infantry; and the foot soldier who has either won, or taken, or bought a horse, finds his rank among the spahis. In consequence, these last are excellent marksmen; and whenever they can fire with effect, they use their muskets a great deal; but they do not set about it like our Christian cavalry, which is always in the wrong, when it has recourse to that weapon. The spahi alights nimbly from his horse, fires his piece

and springs again on horseback with great agility.

"The reason why we often witness deeds of heroick bravery from the Mussulman, is, because he never fights, but when he has a mind to it. It is only when in good health, in good humour, and after having taken his coffee, that he prepares his arms for battle. He even waits often for a fine day, and for a vivifying sun. In the beginning of the siege, I used to get up at break of day; which, in our European armies is often the time chosen for enterprises. Now, I rest at my ease. The fashionables, easily distinguished by their beautiful horses and the striking colours of their dresses, never issue out before ten, to engage in battle. During the whole siege, the Turks only undertook one trifling operation by night; and then, probably, because they wanted a general's head, which they accordingly took from M. Maximovitz.

"Their artillery, in sieges, is worked by the first soldiers who get up, and who go and fire their pieces by way of amusement. The Turks, owing to their instinct, which is often preferable to the boasted systematick sense of the Christians, are extremely handy, and capable of performing the operations of war in all its branches; but, the first impulse only is in their favour: they are not susceptible of a second thought. And after that lucid moment, of which they make a tolerably fair and proper use, they become a compound of childhood and madness.

"Their religious phrenzy increases in proportion to danger. Their cries of *Hechter Allah!* [that is, one only God!] augment daily, and the besiegers are sure not to be heard, whatever noise they make in opening the trenches. They are never disturbed the first night, which surely is the most interesting."

The prince de Ligne had afterwards the command of an army against these very Turks, which he had so accurately observed. And he had a considerable share in retrieving the honour of the Austrian arms, and in conquering Belgrade. His correspondence during that campaign, contains some curious specimens of official communications, between the commanders of the hostile armies during a kind of armistice, which did not prevent the Turks from now and then cutting off a few heads in the Austrian lines, attacking the boats on the Danube, and celebrating their festivals, by firing their great guns with balls, which reached the Austrian camp. The prince de Ligne was not behindhand in this kind of merriment, which was considered by the Turks as a matter of course; and the death of a few spectators killed in these delightful *feux de joie*, did not occasion the smallest complaint.

The following is a letter from the prince giving a lively picture of Turkish manners and scenery.

Parthenizza.

"From the silver shores of the Black Sea—from the banks of the largest rivulet which receives all the torrents of Fezeterdan:—from under the shade of the two largest walnut-trees in existence, and which certainly are coeval with the world:—from the foot of a rock, near which still stands a column, the melancholy remain of the temple of Diana, celebrated for the sacrifice of Iphigenia:—from the left side of the rock from which Thoas precipitated strangers into the sea; in short—from the finest and most interesting spot of the whole world, am I writing this letter to you.

"I am seated on Turkish cushions, and on Turkish carpets; surrounded by Tartars, who gaze on me, while writing, and lift their eyes in admiration, as if I were a second Mahomed.

"My eye reaches the happy shores of ancient Idalia, and the coast of Natolia; the blossoms of the fig, the palm, the olive, the cherry and the apricot trees, perfume the air with their fragrance, and shelter me from the rays of the sun; the surge rolls diamond pebbles at my feet. On turning myself round, I discern through the foliage, the shelving habitations of the kind of savages around me, who are deeply engaged in smoking on their flat roofs, which they use as drawing rooms. I perceive their cemetery, which, owing to the situation always chosen by Mussulmen for that purpose, presents an idea of the Elysian fields. This cemetery is on the banks of the rivulet I mentioned before; but on the very spot where its stream is the most impeded by pebbles; this rivulet widens a little half way down the sloping hill, and then flows gently by the roots of fruit trees, which lend their hospitable shade to the dead. The peaceful abode of the departed is marked by tombstones crowned with turbans, some of which are gilt;

and by a kind of cinerary urns, of marble, but of rude workmanship. The variety of this mortuary scene, while it excites contemplation, disinclines me from writing. I stretch on my cushions, and indulge in meditation.

"No, all that passes in my soul cannot be conceived. I feel a new existence. Escaped from grandeurs, from the tumult of festivity, from the fatigue of pleasure, and from their two imperial majesties of the west and the north, whom I have left on the other side of the mountains, I at last enjoy myself. I ask, where I am?——by what chance I find myself here? and, without intending it, I review all the inconsequences of my life.

"I perceive, that unable to enjoy happiness but in tranquillity and independence, both of which are within my reach, and naturally inclined to laziness of body and of mind, I harass the one in wars, in inspection of troops, or in journeys, and I exhaust the other, to please those who very often are not worth the expense.—Naturally gay enough for my own satisfaction, I fatigue myself to enliven those who are dull. If for an instant I am occupied with a hundred things which cross my mind together, they tell me, *you are sad:* it is enough to make one so; or, *you are tired:* it is enough to make me tiresome.

"I ask myself, how it came to pass, that disliking restraint, and not being fond of honours, riches, or favours; being duly qualified to attach no importance to those things—nevertheless, I have spent my life at court in all the countries of Europe.

"I recollect, that some marks of a kind of paternal goodness from the emperour Francis I. who was fond of very giddy young men, first attached me to him; that being beloved afterwards by one of his female friends, I was long detained at court; for having, as a matter of course, lost the affections of that charming lady, I retained those of our sovereign. At his death, I thought myself, though very young, a courtier of the old court; and I was just ready to criticise the new one without being acquainted with it, when I perceived that the young emperour knew likewise how to be amiable; and that he possessed qualities which make his esteem more courted than his favour!

"Having ascertained that he disliked showing marked preferences, nothing prevented me from indulging my inclination for his person; while I blamed his too great haste in his operations, I could not avoid admiring by far the greater part of them; and I shall always praise the good intentions of a prince, whose genius is equally active and fruitful.

"Sent to the court of France at the most brilliant age, and on the most brilliant occasion, with the news of a victory, I intended never to visit it again. Chance brings the count d'Artois into a garrison, near another where I was inspecting some troops.

"There I went with about thirty of my Austrian officers, fine looking men. He took notice of us; called me; and beginning as a king's brother, he ended as if he had been my own. We drank, played, and laughed. Tasting freedom for the first time, he was at a loss how to enjoy it. I was charmed by that first effusion of gayety, and by the sprightliness of youth. I could not resist that ingenuousness, and that good nature which mark his character. I must, he said, visit him at Versailles. I answered, that I should see him when he visited Paris; he insisted; and spoke of me to the queen, who ordered me to attend. The beauties of her countenance, and of her mind, both equally fair and equally unspotted, the charms of her society, quickly induced me to spend five months in every year, at Versailles, almost without quitting it for a moment. The love of pleasure first brought me to Versailles: gratitude induced me to return thither.

"Prince Henry, of Prussia, was visiting the scenes of war. Our pursuits in philosophy, and in military affairs, were the same; this was the first link; I followed in his suite, and soon had the happiness to find that my company was agreeable to him. This brought marks of favour from him, and a redoubled assiduity from me. Then followed a long correspondence, and a *rendezvous* at Spa, and at Reinsberg.

"A camp of the emperour in Moravia attracted thither the then king of Prussia, and his present majesty. The first soon perceived my enthusiastick admiration for great men, and induced me to visit Berlin. Connexions with him, the marks of favour and esteem I received from that first of heroes, intoxicated me with glory. His nephew, the prince royal, went to Strasburgh. We had been connected, though at a distance, by some little offices in a love affair; by some little money, and some friendly services he had required of me confidentially, for the object of his regard. So far from home, strangers soon grow intimate, notwithstanding the difference of interests, of rank, and of party. I withdrew from the tender sentiments of two other northern kings. The one, a

shallow pate, soon completely unsettled the too lively imagination of the other: and thus I escaped the endless insipidity which awaited me, in my intended journey to Stockholm, and to Copenhagen. I ransomed myself, by entertaining one of these kings; and being entertained by the other.

"My son Charles married a pretty little Polish lady. Her family gave us paper, instead of cash. They were claims on the court of Russia. Passing through Poland, I made myself, or I was made, a Polander. A mad bishop (hanged since) uncle to my daughter-in-law, conceited that I was on terms of intimacy with the empress, because he had learnt that she had received me most favourably; and he imagined that I should be king of Poland, were I but naturalized. 'What a change,' said he, 'in the face of European politicks! What happiness for the Lignes, and for the Masalskys.' I laughed at him. But I felt a fancy to please the nation then assembled in diet, and by the nation I was applauded. I spoke Latin; I kissed, and I caressed mustachios; I intrigued for the king of Poland; who is himself an intriguer; like all kings who are suffered on the throne, only on condition of acting according to the will of their subjects, or that of their neighbours. He is goodnatured, amiable, insinuating; I gave him advice, and we became quite intimate.

"I arrived in Russia; and the first thing I did was to forget the object of my journey; because it appeared to me rather indelicate to take advantage of the favourable reception I experienced every day, to solicit favours. I was captivated by the unreserved and alluring simplicity of Catharine the Great*; and by her genius I have been led to this enchanted abode. . . .

. . . . . .

This is the famous Cape Parthenion, distinguished by many events. On this spot mythology exalted the imagination. All the talents in the retinue of the heathen deities had here established their empire.

"If, for an instant, I leave fable for history, I discover Eupatori, founded by Mithridates; I gather near this spot, in that old Cherson, fragments of alabaster columns; I find the remnants of aquaducts, and of walls, which present a circumference more extensive than that of London and Paris together. Those two cities shall disappear as this has done. This was the scene of similar intrigues, both in love and in politicks; every one here thought he was making a conspicuous figure in the world; but, even the name of these countries, disfigured under the appellations of Tartary, and the Crimea, is now completely forgotten! What a reflection for moralizing men! Why, then, I look around, and approve the laziness of my good Mussulmen, who sit with arms folded, and legs crossed, squat and motionless on their flat roofs. I found among them an Albanese, who knew a little of Italian. I desired him to ask them, whether they were happy? if I could do any thing for them? and if they knew that they had been given to me by the empress? They answered, that they knew generally, that they had been allotted; which they did not well understand; that they had been happy till now; that if their fate should change, they would embark on board two vessels they themselves had constructed, and seek a refuge among the Turks in Romania. I bid the interpreter tell them that I loved lazy people; but that I desired to know their means of living. They pointed at some sheep lying on the grass, like myself. Oh, how happy I accounted the lazy! They showed me their fruit trees; and desired the interpreter to tell me, that when the gathering season arrives, the Kaimakan comes from Baschisaria to take the half of the produce. Each family sells fruit yearly, to the value of two hundred livres [8*l.* 8*s.*] and there are forty-six families in Parthenizza and Nitika, another small estate belonging to me; the Grecian name of which signifies *victory*. Again I felicitated the lazy! I promised to prevent their being oppressed. They brought me butter, cheese and milk; not mares's milk, as among the Tartars. Once more I accounted the lazy happy! and I sunk again into my meditations.

. . . . . I estimate the world; I consider it as a kind of magick lantern, till the moment, when I myself shall disappear under the scythe of time. I then recollect, as a dream, nine or ten campaigns I have made:* a dozen of battles or engagements, at which I have been present. I muse on the emptiness of glory; which, unnoticed, is forgotten; which envious people attack, or dispute. And, notwithstanding all that, I say to myself, a part of my life has been spent in risking

* By a refinement of flattery the article *the* is in the *masculine* gender in the French original.

* This was previous to the Turkish war, which broke out soon after; and in which the prince highly distinguished himself.

that very life in pursuit of glory! I shall not disparage my own bravery. It is, perhaps, sufficiently brilliant; but I do not find it sufficiently disinterested; it is alloyed with desire of being puffed up. I pay too much attention to the spectators. I prefer the bravery of my dear, good Charles [his son] who does not mind whether he is seen or not. I again consult my own bosom. I discover numerous faults within myself; I think afterwards on the inanity of ambition. Death has already bereft, or soon will bereave, me of the favours of some great captains, or great sovereigns, while inconstancy, or malice, may blast all my hopes. Intrigue setting me aside, the soldier shall soon forget me. . . . . Without regretting the past, or fearing the future, I commit my existence to the impulse of my destiny.

"After laughing heartily at my want of merit, and at my courtly and military adventures, I congratulated myself on not being worse than I am, and above all, I applauded the grand talent I have of enjoying my portion of happiness.

"And now the mantle of night began to obscure the scenery. The sheep which were grazing near my Turkey carpet, by their bleatings, called the Tartars; who gravely came down from their roofs, to lock them up near their wives, whom they have kept carefully concealed during the whole day. The criers, from the top of the minarets, called the faithful to the mosque. I felt with my left hand for the beard which I had not; I laid my right hand on my breast; I poured out benedictions on the lazy, and I took my leave of them, leaving them in equal astonishment at seeing me their master, and at hearing that I had determined they should have no other masters but themselves.

"I then recalled my wandering spirits; I collected, as well as I could, my incoherent thoughts. I turned around with emotion to behold that beautiful spot, which I am never to visit again; and to which I am indebted for a day, the most delicious in all my life. A fresh breeze which sprung up suddenly put me out of conceit with the boat which was to conduct me to Theodosia. I took a Tartar horse, and my guide walking before me, I plunged again into all the horrours of darkness, of bad roads, of torrents, to recross those famous mountains, and to meet at the end of forty-eight hours their imperial majesties, at Carassbazar."

We could have wished to have presented our readers with some delineations of the moral character of the Turks, drawn by the same able hand; and with some of the lively anecdotes contained in this publication, but our article has already been protracted to an unusual length. For this, the peculiar situation of Turkey, as the object of political envy, and Tilsit distribution, must plead our excuse. The authority of this noble soldier supports opinions we have ventured in favour of the Ottomans. But we must dismiss the work, however reluctantly, recommending the perusal of it, as one of the most entertaining collections we have lately seen.

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Gertrude of Wyoming, a Pennsylvanian Tale, and other Poems. By Thomas Campbell, author of the Pleasures of Hope, &c. 4to. pp. 130. London. 1809.—New York, republished by D. Longworth, 12mo. pp. 132. $1. 1809.

WE open this volume with no ordinary impression of the delicacy and importance of the task which it imposes on us, and the difficulty of discharging it at once with justice to the author and to that publick at whose bar we as well as Mr. Campbell must be considered to stand. It is not our least embarrassment that, in some respects, Mr. Campbell may be considered as his own rival; and in aspiring to extensive popularity has certainly no impediment to encounter more formidable than the extent of his own reputation. To decide on the merit of Gertrude of Wyoming as the work of a poet hitherto undistinguished, would be comparatively easy. But we are unavoidably forced upon comparing it with Mr. Campbell's former pieces, and while our judgment is embroiled by the predilections, prejudices, and preferences, which the recollection of them has imprinted upon our imagination, there are other peculiar

circumstances which enhance expectation, and increase, proportionally, the difficulty of affording it complete gratification.

The Pleasures of Hope, a poem dear to every reader of poetry, bore, amidst many beauties, the marks of a juvenile composition, and received from the publick the indulgence due to a promise of future excellence. Some license was also allowed for the didactick nature of the subject, which, prescribing no fixed plan, left the poet free to indulge his fancy in excursions as irregular as they are elegant and animated. It is a consequence of both these circumstances, that the poem presents, in some degree, the appearance of an unfinished picture. In gazing with pleasure on its insulated groupes and figures, the reflection will often intrude, that an artist matured in taste and experience would have methodized his subject; filled up the intermediate spaces; and brought to perfection a sketch of so much promise. The publick readily made every allowance that could be claimed on the score of youth—a seeming generosity often conferred on the first essays of poets, painters, and orators, but for which a claim of repayment, with usurious interest, is regularly preferred against them upon their next appearance. But the hope of improvement was, in Mr. Campbell's case, hardly necessary to augment the expectation raised by the actual excellence of his first poem. The beauties of a highly polished versification, that animated and vigorous tone of moral feeling, that turn of expression, which united the sweetness of Goldsmith with the strength of Johnson, a structure of language alike remote from servile imitation of our more classical poets, and from the babbling and jingling simplicity of ruder minstrels; new, but not singular; elegant, but not trite; justified the admirers of the Pleasures of Hope in elevating its author to a preeminent situation among living poets. Neither did Mr. Campbell suffer the admiration excited by his first essay to subside or be forgotten. From time to time we were favoured with exquisite lyrical effusions calculated rather to stimulate than to gratify the publick appetite. The splendid poems of Hohenlinden and Lochiel, manifesting high powers of imagination, and other short performances replete either with animation or tenderness, seemed to declare their author destined to attain the very summit of the modern Parnassus. By some this preeminence was already adjudged to him, while others only adjourned their suffrage until a more daring, extended, and sustained flight should make good the promises of his juvenile work and of his shorter detached poems.

It has for a considerable time been known that a new poem of some length was in Mr. Campbell's contemplation, and when it was whispered that he who sung the doubtful conflict of Hohenlinden and the carnage of Culloden, had chosen for his theme the devastation of Wyoming, expectation was raised to its height. Desire was not too suddenly quenched; and it is only after a long period of suspense that the work has been given to the publick. But it is no easy matter to satisfy the vague and indefinite expectation which suspense of this nature seldom fails to excite. Each reader is apt to form an idea of the subject, the narrative, and the style of execution; so that the real poem is tried and censured, not upon its own merits, but for differing from the preconceived dream of the critick's imagination. There are few who have not felt disappointment of a similar nature on visiting, for the first time, any spot highly celebrated for its scenery. Expectation has not only exaggerated its beauties, but often sketched a landscape of its own which the mind unwillingly exchanges even for the most splendid reality. Perhaps, therefore, it is a natural consequence of over-strained

hope, that the immediate reception of "Gertrude of Wyoming" should be less eminently favourable than the intrinsick merit of the poem and the acknowledged genius of the author appeared to ensure; and perhaps, too, we may be able, in the course of our investigation, to point out other reasons which may, for a season, impede the popularity of a poem containing passages both of tenderness and sublimity, which may decline comparison with few in the English language.

The tale of Gertrude of Wyoming is abundantly simple. It refers to the desolation of a beautiful tract of country situated on both sides of the Susquehanna, and inhabited by colonists whose primeval simplicity and hospitality recalled the idea of the golden age In 1778, Wyoming, this favoured and happy spot, was completely laid waste by an incursion of Indians and civilized savages under a leader named Brandt. The pretext was the adherence of the inhabitants to the provincial confederacy; but the lust of rapine and cruelty which distinguished the invaders was such as to add double horrours even to civil conflict.

We do not condemn this choice of a subject in itself eminently fitted for poetry; yet feeling as Englishmen, we cannot suppress a hope that Mr. Campbell will, in his subsequent poems, choose a theme more honourable to our national character, than one in which Britain was disgraced by the atrocities of her pretended adherents. We do not love to have our feelings unnecessarily put in arms against the cause of our country. The historian must do his duty when such painful subjects occur; but the poet who may choose his theme through the whole unbounded range of truth and fiction may well excuse himself from selecting a subject dishonourable to his own land.

Although the calamity was general and overwhelmed the whole settlement of Wyoming, Mr. Campbell has judiciously selected a single groupe as the subject of his picture; yet we have room to regret, that, in some passages, at least, he has not extended his canvass to exhibit, in the back ground, that general scene of tumult and horrour which might have added force to the striking picture which he has drawn of individual misery.

The opening of the poem describes Wyoming in a state of more than Arcadian ease and happiness, where exiles or emigrants from all quarters of Europe met in peace, and contended only which should best adorn and improve their seat of refuge. The following stanzas comprehend this interesting description, and are, at the same time, a just specimen of the style and structure of the poem.

I.

"On Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming,
Although the wild-flower on thy ruined wall
And roofless homes a sad remembrance bring
Of what thy gentle people did befall,
Yet thou wert once the loveliest land of all
That see the Atlantick wave their morn restore.
Sweet land! may I thy lost delights recall,
And paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of yore,
Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania's shore!

II.

"It was beneath thy skies that, but to prune
His autumn fruits, or skim the light canoe,
Perchance, along thy river calm at noon,
The happy shepherd swain had nought to do
From morn till evening's sweeter pastime grew;
Their timbrel, in the dance of forests brown
When lovely maidens prankt in flowret new,
And aye, those sunny mountains half way down
Would echo flagelet from some romantick town.

III.

"Then, where of Indian hills the daylight takes
His leave, how might you the flamingo see

Disporting like a meteor on the lakes—
And playful squirrel on his nut-grown tree:
And every sound of life was full of glee,
From merry mock-bird's song, or hum of men,
While harkening, fearing nought their revelry,
The wild deer arched his neck from glades, and then
Unhunted, sought his woods and wilderness again.

IV.

"And scarce had Wyoming of war or crime
Heard but in transatlantick story rung;
For here the exile met from every clime,
And spoke in friendship every distant tongue;
Men from the blood of warring Europe sprung,
Were but divided by the running brook;
And happy where no Rhenish trumpet sung,
On plains no sieging mine's volcano shook,
The blue-eyed German changed his sword to pruning hook.

V.

"Nor far some Andalusian saraband
Would sound to many a native rondelay.
But who is he that yet a dearer land
Remembers, over hills and far away?
Green Albyn!* what though he no more survey
Thy ships at anchor on the quiet shore,
Thy pellochs rolling from the mountain bay;
Thy lone sepulchral cairn upon the moor,
And distant isles that hear the loud Corbrechtan roar!†

VI.

"Alas! poor Caledonia's mountaineer,
That want's stern edict e'er, and feudal grief
Had forced him from a home he loved so dear!
Yet found he here a home, and glad relief,
And plied the beverage from his own fair sheaf,
That fired his Highland blood with mickle glee;
And England sent her men, of men the chief,
Who taught those sires of empire yet to be,
To plant the tree of life; to plant fair freedom's tree!

* Scotland.

† The great whirlpool of the Western Hebrides.

VII.

"Here was not mingled in the city's pomp
Of life's extremes the grandeur and the gloom;
Judgment awoke not here her dismal tromp,
Nor sealed in blood a fellow creature's doom,
Nor mourned the captive in a living tomb.
One venerable man, beloved of all,
Sufficed where innocence was yet in bloom,
To sway the strife, that seldom might befall,
And Albert was their judge in patriarchal hall."—p. 5 to 9.

This Albert, the judge and patriarch of the infant settlement, is an Englishman. Gertrude, the heroine of the poem, is his only child. The chaste and affecting simplicity of the following picture would furnish a beautiful subject for the pencil.

XIII.

"I may not paint those thousand infant charms;
(Unconscious fascination, undesigned!)
The orison repeated in his arms,
For God to bless her sire and all mankind,
The book, the bosom on his knee reclined;
Or how sweet fairy-lore he heard her con,
(The playmate ere the teacher of her mind)
All uncompanioned else her years had gone
Till now in Gertrude's eyes their ninth blue summer shone."—p. 13.

An Indian, of a tribe friendly to the settlers, approaches their cottage one morning, leading in his hand an English boy

"Of Christian vesture and complexion bright,
Led by his dusky guide like morning brought by night."

The swarthy warriour tells Albert of a frontier fort occupied by the British which had been stormed and destroyed by a party of Hurons, the allies of France. The Oneida chief who narrates the story hastened to aid, but only arrived in time to avenge its defenders. All had been massacred, excepting the widow of the commander of the garrison and her son, a boy of ten or twelve years old. The former, exhausted with fatigue and grief, dies in the arms of the friendly Indians, and bequeaths to

their chief the task of conducting her son to Albert's care, with a token to express that he was the son of Julia Waldegrave. Albert instantly recognises the boy as the offspring of two old and dear friends. A flood of kindly recollections, and the bitter contrast between the promise of their early days and the dismal fate which finally awaited the parents of Waldegrave, rush at once on the mind of the old man, and extort a pathetick lamentation. The deportment of the Indian warriour forms an admirable contrast to Albert's indulgence of grief, and the stanzas in which it is described rank among the finest in the poem.

XXIII.

"He said—and strained unto his heart the boy:
Far differently the mute Oneida took
His calumet of peace, and cup of joy,
As monumental bronze unchanged his look:
A soul that pity touched, but never shook:
Trained from his tree-rocked cradle to his bier,
The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook
Impassive—fearing but the shame of fear—
A stoick of the woods—a man without a tear.—

XXIV.

"Yet deem not goodness on the savage stock
Of Outalissi's heart disdained to grow;
As lives the oak unwithered on the rock
By storms above, and barrenness below:
He scorned his own, who felt another's wo:
And ere the wolf-skin on his back he flung,
Or laced his mocasins, in act to go,
A song of parting to the boy he sung,
Who slept on Albert's couch, nor heard his friendly tongue."

pp. 20 and 21.

After a lyrical effusion addressed to the slumbering boy, his "own adopted one," the savage returns to his deserts. His capacity of tracking his way through the wilderness by a species of instinct, or rather by the habit of observing the most minute signs derived from the face of earth or heaven, is described in nervous and striking poetry, and closes the first part of the poem.

Part II. opens with a description of Albert's abode, situated between two woods near a river, which after dashing over a thundering cascade, chose that spot to expand itself into a quiet and pellucid sheet of living water. Beautiful in itself, the scene was graced by the presence of Gertrude, yet more beautiful, an "enthusiast of the woods," alive to all the charms of the romantick scenery by which she was surrounded, and whose sentimental benevolence extended itself even to England which she knew only by her father's report. And here commences the great defect of the story. We totally lose sight of the orphan, Waldegrave, whose arrival makes the only incident in the first canto, and of whose departure from Wyoming we have not been apprized. Neither are we in the least prepared to anticipate such an event, excepting by a line in which Julia expresses a hope that her orphan would be conveyed to "England's shore"—an inuendo which really escaped us in the first, and even in the second, perusal of the poem, and which, at any rate, by no means implies that her wish was actually fulfilled. The unaccountable disappearance of this character, to whom we had naturally assigned an important part in the narrative, is not less extraordinary than that Gertrude, in extending her kind wishes and affectionate thoughts towards friends in Britain whom she never knew, and only loved because they might possibly possess

"Her mother's looks—perhaps her likeness strong,"

omits all mention or recollection of the interesting little orphan of whom every reader has destined her the bride from the first moment of his introduction. Of him, however, nothing is said, and we are left to conjecture whether he has gone to Britain and been forgotten by his youthful playfellow, or whether he remains an unnoticed and undistinguished inmate of her father's mansion. We

have next a splendid, though somewhat confused description of a "deep, untrodden grot," where, as it is beautifully expressed,

"Rocks sublime
To human art a sportive semblance wore;
And yellow lichens coloured all the clime,
Like moon-light battlements and towers decayed by time."

To this grotto, embosomed in all the splendid luxuriance of transatlantick vegetation, Gertrude was wont to retire "with Shakspeare's self to speak and smile alone," and here she is surprised by the arrival of a youth in a Spanish garb, leading in his hand his steed, who is abruptly announced as

"The stranger guest of many a distant land."

We were at least as much startled as Gertrude by this unexpected intruder, and are compelled to acknowledge that the suspense in which we were kept for a few stanzas is rather puzzling than pleasing. We became sensible that we had somehow lost the thread of the story, and while hurriedly endeavouring to recover it, became necessarily insensible to the beauties of the poetry. The stranger inquires for the mansion of Albert, is of course hospitably received, and tells of the wonders which he had seen, in Switzerland, in France, in Italy, and in California, whence he last arrived. At length Albert inquires after the orphan Waldegrave, who (as his question for the first time apprizes the reader) had been sent to his relations in England at the age of twelve, after three years' residence in the earthly paradise of Wyoming. The quick eye of Gertrude discovers the mysterious stranger to be "Waldegrave's self of Waldegrave come to tell," and all is rapturous recognition. And here, amidst many beauties, we are again pressed by the leading errour of the narrative; for this same Waldegrave—who, for no purpose that we can learn, has been wandering over half the world—of whom the reader knows so little, who appears to have been entirely forgotten during the space of one third of the poem, and whom even Gertrude did not think worthy of commemoration in orisons which called for blessings on friends she had never known—this same Waldegrave, of whose infantine affection for Gertrude we no where receive the slightest hint, with even more than the composure of a fine gentleman returned from the grand tour, coolly assures her and Albert at their first interview, that she "shall be his own with all her truth and charms." This extraordinary and unceremonious appropriation is submitted to by Gertrude and her father with the most unresisting and astonishing complacency. It is in vain to bid us suppose that a tender and interesting attachment had united this youthful couple during Waldegrave's residence at Wyoming. This is like the reference of Bayes to a conversation held by his personages behind the scenes: it is requiring the reader to guess what the author has not told him, and consequently what he is not obliged to know. This inherent defect in the narrative might have been supplied at the expense of two or three stanzas descriptive of the growing attachment between the children, and apprizing us of Waldegrave's departure for England. The omission is the more provoking as we are satisfied of Mr. Campbell's powers to trace the progress of their infant love, and the train of little incidents and employments which gave it opportunity to grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength; in short, to rival the exquisite picture of juvenile affection presented in Thalaba.

But to proceed with our tale. Gertrude and Waldegrave are united, and spend three short months in all the luxury of mutual and innocent love described in the concluding stanza of part second.

XXV.

"Then would that home admit them—happier far

Than grandeur's most magnificent saloon;
While, here and there, a solitary star
Flushed in the darkening firmament of June;
And silence brought the soul-felt hour, full soon,
Ineffable, which I may not portray;
For never did the Hymenean moon
A paradise of hearts more sacred sway,
In all that slept beneath her soft, voluptuous ray."—p. 43.

The third part continues this delightful picture so true in itself, where pure affection and regulated desires combine to form connubial bliss; and we feel all that the poet would impress upon us when, in the fifth stanza, he announces the storm, which, in the wreck of nations, was to involve this little structure of home-built happiness; and describes the transitory nature of human felicity in the most beautiful and original simile which we have yet found applied to a theme so often sung.

V.

"And in the visions of romantick youth,
What years of endless bliss are yet to flow!
But mortal pleasure, what art thou in truth!
The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below!
And must I change my song? and must I show,
Sweet Wyoming! the day, when thou wert doomed,
Guiltless, to mourn thy loveliest bowers laid low!
When where of yesterday a garden bloomed,
Death overspread his pall, and blackening ashes gloomed."—p. 50.

The approach of civil war in America, and the attachment of Waldegrave to the provincial cause, are briefly touched upon, as are the boding apprehensions of Gertrude, too soon to be fatally realized. One evening, while danger was yet deemed remote, an Indian, worn with fatigue and age, rushes hastily into Albert's cottage, and is with difficulty recognised to be the Oneida chief, Outalissi, who had guided Waldegrave to Wyoming. After an indulgence of former recollections, rather too long to be altogether consistent with the pressing nature of his errand, the Indian informs the domestick circle that the savages led by Brandt had extirpated his whole tribe on account of their friendship to the Americans, and were approaching to wreak their vengeance by laying waste the settlement of Wyoming.

XIX.

"Scarce had he uttered—when Heaven's verge extreme
Reverberates the bomb's descending star,
And sounds that mingled laugh—and shout—and scream,
To freeze the blood, in one discordant jar,
Rung to the pealing thunderbolts of war.
Whoop after whoop with rack the ear assailed;
As if unearthly fiends had burst their bar;
While rapidly the marksman's shot prevailed;
And aye, as if for death, some lonely trumpet wailed.—

XX.

"Then looked they to the hills, where fire o'erhung
The bandit groupes, in one Vesuvian glare;
Or swept, far seen, the tower, whose clock unrung,
Told legibly that midnight of despair."—p. 60.

These sounds of tumult and desolation are mingled with the more cheering notes of the drums and military musick of a body of provincialists, who arrive, it would seem, to protect the inhabitants of Wyoming. The description of this band, composed of the descendants of various climes, and arrayed by "torch and trumpet," evinces the same high tone of military poetry which glows through the stanzas on the battle of Hohenlinden. We are, however, again compelled to own some disappointment arising from the indistinctness of the narrative. The provincialists appear prepared to fight in defence of the Pennsylvanian Arcadia. Outalissi chants his battle song, and Albert invokes, amid the blaze of neighbouring villages, the protection of the God of Hosts on the defenders of their native country. Waldegrave too, assumes the sword and plume; yet, without any reason assigned, these preparations for battle terminate in a retreat to a neigh-

bouring fort; and we are left to conjecture the motive for flight in a band so energetick and so amply provided. The destruction, too, of Wyoming might have claimed a more lengthened detail than is afforded by the lines which we have quoted, and the main interest in the fate of Albert and his family would have been increased rather than diminished by a glance at those numerous groupes who must necessarily have accompanied the flight, or remained to perish with their dwellings. But of these we learn no more than if Waldegrave and Julia had, like our first parents, been the sole inhabitants of this terrestrial paradise. Covered by the friendly battalion, they reach in safety the fort which was to afford them shelter; and in the few accurate yet beautiful lines which characterize its situation and appearance, the poet has happily compelled into his service even the terms of modern fortification, and evinced a complete conquest over those technical expressions which probably any other bard would have avoided as fit only for the disciples of Cohorn or Vauban.

XXV.

"Past was the flight, and welcome seemed the tower,
That, like a giant standard-bearer, frowned
Defiance on the roving Indian power.
Beneath, each bold and promontory mound
With embrasure embossed, and armour crowned,
And arrowy frize, and wedged ravelin,
Wove like a diadem its tracery round
The lofty summit of that mountain green;
Here stood secure the group, and eyed a distant scene."—p. 36.

Here, while surveying in fancied security the progress of the devastation, Albert and Gertrude fall pierced by the bullets of the lurking marksmen of the enemy. A death-speech, affecting, yet somewhat too long, exhausts the last efforts of the expiring Gertrude; and as her husband kneels by the bodies in ineffable despair, the following exquisite description of Outalissi's sympathy gives an originality and wildness to the scene of wo at once appropriate to America, and distinct from the manners of every other country.

XXXIV.

"Then mournfully the parting bugle bid
Its farewell o'er the grave of worth and truth;
Prone to the dust afflicted Waldegrave hid
His face on earth;—him watched in gloomy ruth,
His woodland guide; but words had none to sooth
The grief that knew not consolation's name:
Casting his Indian mantle o'er the youth,
He watched, beneath its folds, each burst that came
Convulsive, ague-like, across his shuddering frame!"—p. 69.

We have gazed with delight on the savage witnessing the death of Wolfe with awe and sorrow acting upon habits of stubborn apathy; and we have perused the striking passage in Spenser whose Talus "an iron man ymade in iron mould" is described as having, nevertheless, an inly feeling of sympathy with the anguish of Britomarte; yet neither the painter nor the poet has, in our apprehension, presented so perfect and powerful an image of sympathetick sorrow in a heart unwont to receive such a guest, as appears in the mute distress of the Oneida warriour bending over his despairing foster-son. His grief at length becomes vocal in a death-song, which, did our limits permit, we would willingly transfer to these pages. But we have been so profuse in quotation, that the concluding stanzas are all we can produce to justify our asserting for the author the preeminent merit of his lyrical poetry.

XXXVII.

"To-morrow let us do or die!*
But when the bolt of death is hurled,

* This expression occurs in Burns's Bannockburn; yet it is a kind of common property, being the motto, we believe, of a Scottish family. We might more justly, on the part of the ingenious Dr. Leyden, reclaim the line,

"Red is the cup they drink, but not with wine."

But these occasional coincidences, over which stupidity delights to doze, are

Ah! whither then with thee to fly,
Shall Outalissi roam the world?
Seek we thy once-loved home?—
The hand is gone that cropt its flowers!
Unheard their clock repeats its hours!—
Cold is the hearth within their bowers!—
And should we thither roam,
Its echoes, and its empty tread,
Would sound like voices from the dead!

XXXVIII.

"Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,
Whose streams my kindred nation quaffed;
And by my side, in battle true,
A thousand warriours drew the shaft?
Ah! there in desolation cold,
The desert serpent dwells alone,
Where grass o'ergrows each mouldering bone,
And stones themselves to ruin grown,
Like me are death-like old;
Then seek we not their camp—for there—
The silence dwells of my despair!

XXXIX.

"But hark, the trump!—to morrow thou
In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears:
E'en from the land of shadows now
My father's awful ghost appears;
Amidst the clouds that round us roll,
He bids my soul for battle thirst—
He bids me dry the last—the first—
The only tears that ever burst—
From Outalissi's soul;—
Because I may not stain with grief
The death-song of an Indian chief."

pp. 71—73.

With these stanzas the curtain is dropped over the dead and the mourners, and the poem is concluded.

Before we proceed to any general examination of Gertrude of Wyoming, we think it necessary to intimate to our readers, that it is by no means owing to deficiency of wit, on our own part, that we have conducted them in sober sadness from the beginning to the end of Mr. Campbell's affecting tale. We are perfectly aware that, according to the modern canons of criticism, the reviewer is expected to show his immense superiority to the author reviewed, and at the same time to relieve the tediousness of narration by turning the epic, dramatick, moral story before him into quaint and lively burlesque. We had, accordingly, prepared materials for caricaturing Gertrude of Wyoming, in which the irresistible Spanish pantaloons of her lover were not forgotten, Albert was regularly distinguished as old Jonathan, the provincial troops were called Yankie-doodles, and the sombre character of the Oneida chief was relieved by various sly allusions to "blankets, strouds, stinkŭbus, and wampum." And having thus clearly demonstrated to Mr. Campbell and to the reader that the whole effect of his poem was as completely at our mercy as the house which a child has painfully built with a pack of cards, we proposed to pat him on the head with a few slight compliments on the ingenuity of his puny architecture, and dismiss him with a sugar-plum as a very promising child indeed. But, however prepared we came to *quizz* what is no otherwise ridiculous than because serious and pathetick, our hearts recoiled from the disingenuousness of the task. We shall ever be found ready to apply the lash of ridicule to conceit, presumption, or dullness; but no temptation to display our own wit, or to conciliate popularity, shall prompt us to expose genius to the malignant grin of envious folly, or by low and vulgar parody to derogate from a work which we might strive in vain to emulate.

We return from this digressive apology to the merits and defects of Gertrude of Wyoming, which have this marked singularity, that the latter intrude upon us at the very first reading; whereas, after repeated perusals, we perceive beauties which had previously escaped our notice. We have, indeed, rather paradoxically, been induced to ascribe the most obvious faults to the same cause which has undoubtedly produced many of the excellences of the poem,—to the anxious and assiduous attention which the author has evidently bestowed upon it before publication. It might be expected that the publick would regard with indulgence those

hardly worth noticing in criticizing original poetry.

imperfections which arise from the poet's diffidence of his own splendid powers, and too great deference to the voice of criticism. In some respects, however, publick taste, like a fine lady, "stoops to the forward and the bold;" and the modest and anxious adventurer is defrauded of the palm, merely that his judges may enjoy the childish superiority of condemning an overlaboured attempt to give them pleasure. Let no reader suppose that we recommend to imitation the indiscreet, and undaunted precipitation with which another popular poet is said to throw his effusions before the publick with the indifference of an ostrich as to their success or failure. To sober criticism the fault of him who will not do his best is greater than the excess of over caution, as the sin of presumption is greater than that of spiritual despondency. Carelessness is also a crime of deeper die when considered with reference to its effects upon publick taste; for the habit of writing loosely is particularly captivating to the fry of young scribblers, and we are in danger of being deluged with rhapsodical romances by poets who would shrink from the attempt of imitating the condensed, polished, and laboured stanzas of Gertrude of Wyoming. But considered with reference not to the ultimate reputation, but to the immediate popularity of the author, it is dangerous to allow the publick to suppose that they have before them the work upon which, after the most solicitous and anxious exertion, he is willing to stake his poetical character. A spirit of contradiction, which animates the mass of mankind, impels them to depreciate that which is presented as the *chef d'œuvre* of the artist; and the question is no longer whether the work be excellent, but whether it has attained that summit of excellence on which no poet ever was or ever will be placed by his contemporaries.

We have hitherto only considered the labour bestowed upon Gertrude of Wyoming as an impediment to the flow of popularity which has in the present day attended poems of a ruder structure. But the publick taste, although guided in some degree by caprice, is also to a certain extent correctly grounded upon critical doctrine; and the truth is, that an author cannot work upon a beautiful poem beyond a certain point, without doing it real and irreparable injury in more respects than one.

It is in the first place impossible to make numerous and minute alterations, to alter the position of stanzas, to countermarch and invert the component parts of sentences, without leaving marks of their original array. The epitaph of the Italian valetudinary will apply as well in poetry as in regimen; and it may be said of many a laboured effort of genius: "*Stava bene, ma per star meglio, sto qui.*" There are in Gertrude passages of a construction so studiously involved, that nothing but the deepest consideration could have enabled the author to knit the Gordian knot by which his meaning is fettered, and which unfortunately requires similar exertion of intellect ere it can be disentangled. An ordinary reader is sometimes unable and always unwilling to make such an effort, and hence the volume is resigned and condemned in a moment of splenetick impatience. Some of the introductory stanzas have their beauties thus obscured, and afford rather a conjectural than a certain meaning. We allude to the second in particular. Similar indistinctness occurs in the construction of the following sentence:

"But high in amphitheatre above
His arms the everlasting aloe threw:
Breathed but an air of heaven, and all the grove
Instinct as if with living spirit grew."

The idea here is beautiful, but it is only on reflection that we discover that the words in italicks mean not that the aloe breathed an air of heaven, but that the grove grew instinct with living spirit so soon as the slightest

air of heaven breathed on it. Sometimes passages, of which the tone is simple and natural, are defaced by affected inversion, as in Gertrude's exclamation :

"Yet say! for friendly hearts from whence we came
Of us does oft remembrance intervene?"

Again, in altering and retouching, inverting and condensing his stanzas, an author will sometimes halt between his first and his latter meaning, and deviate into defects both of sense and grammar. Thus in the Oneida's first song we have—

"Sleep, wearied one! and in the dreaming land
Shouldst thou the spirit of thy mother greet,
O say *to morrow* that the white man's hand
Hath plucked the thorns of sorrow from thy feet."

Lastly, and above all, in the irksome task of repeated revision and reconsideration, the poet loses, if we may use the phrase, the impulse of inspiration; his fancy, at first so ardent, becomes palled and flattened, and no longer excites a correspondent glow of expression. In this state of mind he may correct faults, but he will never add beauties; and so much do we prefer the stamp of originality to tame correctness, that were there not a medium which ought to be aimed at, we would rather take the *prima cura* with all its errours, and with all its beauties, than the over-amended edition in which both are obliterated. Let any one read the most sublime passage in Shakspeare, a hundred times over, without intermission; it will at length convey to the tired ear, neither pathos nor sublimity, hardly even an intelligible idea. Something analagous to this occurs to every poet in the melancholy task of correction. The Scythians, who debated their national affairs first in the revel of a festival, and afterwards during a day of fasting, could hardly experience a greater sinking of spirit in their second consultation, than the bard who, in revising the offspring of moments of enthusiastick feeling, experiences that

The dear illusion will not last,
The era of enchantment's past.

Then occur the doubtful and damping questions, whether the faded inspiration was genuine; whether the verses corresponded in any degree to its dictates, or have power to communicate to others a portion of the impulse which produced them. Then comes the dread of malignant criticism; and last, but not least tormenting, the advice of literary friends, each suggesting doubts and alterations, till the spirit is corrected out of the poem, as a sprightly boy is sometimes lectured and flogged for venial indiscretions into a stupid and inanimate dunce. The beautiful poem of Lochiel, which Mr. Campbell has appended to the present volume, as if to illustrate our argument, exhibits marks of this injudicious alteration. Let us only take the last lines, where in the original edition the champion declares that even in the moment of general rout and destruction,

"Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,
Like ocean weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame."

The whole of this individual, vigorous, and marked picture of the Highland chieftain lying breathless amid his broken and slaughtered clan—a picture so strong, that we even mark the very posture and features of the hero—is humbled and tamed, abridged and corrected, into the following vague and inexpressive couplet:

"Lochiel——————
Shall victor exult in the battle's acclaim,
Or look to yon heaven from the death-bed of fame."

If the pruning knife has been applied with similar severity to the beauties of Gertrude of Wyoming, the hatchet of the Mohawk Brandt himself was not more fatally relentless and indiscriminate in its operations.

The book contains, besides Gertrude of Wyoming, several of Mr. Campbell's smaller pieces. Lochiel in particular and Hohenlinden are introduced, although they made part of the author's last quarto volume. We cannot be offended at meeting our favourites any where; yet when we connect the circumstance last mentioned, with the reflection that Lochiel has been unnecessarily altered and abridged, we are not thoroughly satisfied with their insertion in the present volume. Two beautiful war odes, entitled the Mariners of England, and the Battle of the Baltick, afford pleasing instances of that short and impetuous lyrick sally in which Mr. Campbell excels all his contemporaries. Two ballads, Glenara, and Lord Ullin's daughter, the former approaching the rude yet forcible simplicity of the ancient minstrels, the latter upon a more refined plan, conclude the volume. They were new to us, and are models in their several styles of composition.

[The following article, and an able review of the French Code of Conscription inserted in the first volume of the Select Reviews, page 369, are attributed to the pen of a young gentleman of Baltimore, who has lately returned from Europe, where he has been spending several years. Both articles appeared originally in the Edinburgh Review.]

Biographie Moderne, ou Dictionnaire Biographique de tous les Hommes morts ou vivans, qui ont marqué à la fin du 18 Siecle ou au Commencement de celui-ci, par leur Rang, leurs Emplois, leurs Talens, leurs Malheurs, leurs Vertus, leurs Crimes, et où tous les faits qui les concernent sont rapportés de la Maniere la plus impartiale et la plus authentique. A Leipzig. 1807.

"TO endeavour," says Machiavel, in his Discourses, "to make a people free who are servile in their nature, is as hopeless, as to attempt to reduce to slavery a nation imbued with the spirit of freedom." This remark, which was dictated by a review of history in the days of Machiavel, is eminently confirmed, we think, by the events of our own times. There are nations who cannot be permanently enslaved and others cannot be long maintained in the erect posture of freedom. It is often no less foolish than it is criminal, in an ambitious sovereign to bear down the unarmed laws of a free people; and sometimes unwise and unjustifiable in an honest patriot to subvert all at once a corrupt or arbitrary government.

These reflections were suggested by the perusal of a curious and interesting work on the French revolution, which has accidentally fallen into our hands. Under the title of Modern Biography, it purports to be a history of all those who, by their rank, their talents, their virtues, and their crimes, have contributed to illustrate, or to disgrace, the end of the last and the commencement of the present century. Before we offer an opinion concerning the execution of so comprehensive a plan, we shall state the circumstances, which, as we are informed, attended the publication of the work in Paris. In the year 1800, a Dictionary, similar in form to the present, but characterized by far greater asperity and boldness, was published in the French capital, and immediately suppressed by the police. The authors seem to have had it in view, to expose the inconsistency of those who had enlisted themselves in the service of the consular government, after signalizing

themselves by their zeal for a democratical equality. The book, although written in a republican spirit, was particularly levelled at the members of the convention, and contained much pointed declamation against the leaders and emissaries of the parties which alternately usurped so sanguinary a dominion over their wretched country. In 1806, the undertaking was revived in a shape which it was supposed would prove less obnoxious to the publick authorities. The *vitriolick acid*, to use an expression of the author, was wholly extracted; and particular care taken to exclude from the biography of the imperial family, and of the chief favourites of the monarch, whatever might be offensive. The better to secure themselves from suspicion, they professed, not to pass judgment, but merely to furnish materials for decision; and to embrace, at the same time, the names of all their foreign contemporaries of political note. These sacrifices, however, were not sufficient to propitiate the favour, or lull the vigilance of the police. The authors were punished; and the circulation of their book immediately prohibited. The copy now before us was secreted, and given to the individual from whom it has passed into our hands—with some additional sketches of character, upon the accuracy of which we have reason to think we can depend.

The work is interesting, we think, in various points of view. It presents us with the portraits of beings of whom almost all of us have heard; and whose names we still recall with sensations of astonishment and terrour. The biography of foreigners, indeed, is miserably scanty and erroneous; but this branch evidently appears to have been executed without interest or exertion, and forms a remarkable contrast to the industry and ingenuity which have been exercised in collecting and detailing the opinions of the chief actors in the French revolution. With regard to this part of the undertaking, too, our own recollections, and our knowledge of the sources of their information, enable us to judge with some confidence of their accuracy. These sources are, the journals of the legislative bodies; the files of the Moniteur; the several memoirs published at different times, such as those of Bertrand de Moleville and Bouillé; furnishing a narrative of facts whose exactness cannot be doubted, whatever diversity of opinion may prevail as to the motives and views of individuals and parties.* It may be generally remarked, indeed, of the epoch now under consideration, that its leading occurrences have had more notoriety than those of almost any other. There cannot well be any privacy in the history of a popular revolution, effected, in a great degree, by pamphlets and publick debates, and consummated by battles and treaties.

It certainly is not our intention to repeat the disgusting catalogue of the miseries and crimes of the French revolution; but we have thought that a summary review of the career and fate of some of its most conspicuous

* The memoirs of these two writers are of unquestionable authority. Both deserve credit for much firmness of conduct and purity of intention; and have infused less of passion into their narrative, than might have been expected from their character of leaders and sufferers in the royal cause. The work of Bertrand de Moleville, although somewhat diffuse, is exceedingly precious as a great body of authentick materials. The historian should particularly add to these works, the *Proces-Verbaux* of the legislative assemblies, the "*Tableau Analytique du Moniteur*," and the History of the War of La Vendée, by Alphonse Beachamp. *Ah men*, we blush to acknowledge that these indellible records but too clearly prove, that the savage features of the convention have not been greatly caricatured by the hand of party.

Tristius haud illis monstrum, &c.

We find that acts of *amnesty* for revolutionary crimes were passed by this body: but they will not be ratified by posterity.

agents, preceded by a few remarks on the moral and political lessons with which it abounds, might not be without interest, nor perhaps without utility. We know of no period in the whole record of history, which deserves to be so deeply weighed and so particularly examined, as the interval between the years 1790 and 1800. These few years give us the abridged experience of as many centuries; and never did the faculties and the passions of civilized man work with so much force, and so little disguise. Those who have lost, and those who have acquired power; the vicissitudes which the nations and governments of Europe have undergone; and the precautions employed to avert the evils of change; are equally subjects for minute research and profound speculation. During the shock of this great convulsion in France, and the conflict of opinions among ourselves, there was no place for calm observation; and the mind was rather bewildered than guided by the light which these astonishing events seemed to throw on the character of our nature. Now that the storm is hushed abroad, and the apprehensions of danger have subsided at home, our conclusions are likely to be more just, and our reflections infinitely more beneficial.

We think, however, that a considerable time must still elapse, before the world will be presented with a suitable history of the causes which accelerated the dissolution of this great monarchy, and so rapidly converted a mild and loyal people into a lawless and frantick mob. Prejudice and resentment are still too powerful to let us hope for an impartial narrative among ourselves; and if we could supply the talents and the temper, the materials would still be wanting. In France, where alone they could be found, the sword is still reeking with blood; the spirit of adulation would suppress, and the unsubdued animosities of faction distort the truth, to which, indeed, the genius of a military despotism in the minority of its dominion, must be essentially hostile. Hereafter, should our neighbours ever enjoy that *rare felicity* of a free press,* even for the transactions of the past, there may arise some mighty painter, whose pencil shall do justice to the subject. When we recollect that Tacitus was born in the reign of Nero, and matured in that of Domitian, we are encouraged to hope that history may again have in store some intelligence of the same exalted stamp, to avenge her cause, and to frustrate the efforts which are now made to stifle her voice on the continent.

Before we enter more particularly upon the contents of these volumes, we must remark, that we are powerfully struck with the novel and imposing spectacle which France exhibited from the time of the convention until the establishment of the consular administration of a country ruled by ephemeral governments, each struggling to maintain itself by every art which fraud could suggest to violence; convulsed to the centre by profligate factions; deluged with na-

* When we consider the real state of the press in France, there is something ludicrous in the mock solemnity with which the *constitution* provides against its violation. It creates a committee in the senate, entitled *the senatorial committee of the press.* When authors or printers have to complain of impediments thrown in the way of the circulation of their works, they are entitled to petition this committee. When these obstacles are not conceived by the committee to be rendered necessary by the interests of the state, the minister to whom they are ascribed is invited to withdraw them. Should they continue to exist after three invitations, the committee demands a general meeting of the senate, to whom the president formally announces "that there are strong presumptions that the liberty of the press has been violated." The case is then brought before the High Imperial Court—a judicature for the trial of delinquency in the members of the Imperial family, publick functionaries, &c.—the judges of which are the princes, the senators, &c.

tive blood; with every atom of society out of its proper place; in a state of absolute bankruptcy; with no regular system of finance; with a paper currency incalculable in amount, and at the last ebb of depreciation; yet still maintaining, with unexampled success, a war which cost more blood and treasure than any ever known in modern times; supporting, at different periods, fourteen different armies on a vast establishment; lavishing great sums in largesses at home and subsidies abroad; and, finally, triumphing over all her continental enemies, and settling down in an organization civil and military, which threatens the subjugation of the world.* During a crisis when, both within and without, the state appeared to be rushing furiously to destruction; when, to use the rhetorical language of one of her representatives, the sons of freedom were encountering all the malignity of fortune abroad, and the revolution, like Saturn, was devouring her own children at home, not a single indication of despondency was given by her rulers; nor, during the various devolutions of publick authority, did there seem to be any abatement of enthusiasm, or any remission of energy in furnishing the means of resistance to foreign aggression. The fortune of the republick was never once intrusted to the issue of a single battle; nor was the execution of their plans either relinquished or adjourned in consequence of new appearances of danger, or an increase in the number of their opponents. The senate of Rome, under the pressure of adversity, never displayed a more magnanimous feeling, nor assumed a more imposing attitude, nor hurled defiance in a prouder tone, than the revolutionary government in a season of the most alarming disasters. While we bitterly deplore the excesses of a people intoxicated with the first draughts of anarchy, and express our detestation for the crimes of the most horrible of all despotisms, that which wears the mask of liberty, it is impossible not to admire the splendid military achievements of that period, the steady confidence in the cause, and the ardent attachment to liberty manifested on the scaffold even by those who fell victims to the abuse of her name; the numerous instances of heroick death afforded both by royalists and republicans not inferiour to those upon which the historians of antiquity dwell with so much delight. "Laudatis antiquorum mortibus pares exitus." We are but little disposed to be the apologists of the French revolution; but we cannot consent to qualify all this as fanaticism, or to reprobate all those as jacobins, who believe, that

* "The republick maintained fourteen different armies. The troops paid were estimated at fourteen hundred thousand. The front of the troops defending her on the east occupied a line of five hundred leagues, extending from the Adriatick to the mouth of the Ems in the North Sea. Forty sous were paid, for some time, to the individuals who frequented the popular societies. The theatres of Paris were hired to give gratuitous exhibitions [*de part et pour le peuple.*] Succours were given to large districts. Bread, which cost eight sous per pound, in hard money, was distributed, almost for nothing, to the inhabitants of Paris. The national convention, in the midst of the revolutionary whirlwind, had no system of finance, and could have none." [*Ramel, Histoire des Fin. de la Republique.*] This writer was himself minister of finance at the period of which he speaks. He states the issue of assignats to have amounted to 40,000,000,000, of which 12,000,000,000 were withdrawn from circulation; and at the epoch of their cessation, 100 francs, in assignats, were valued at 3 sous in coin! a proportion of 1-666. The manufacture of this paper currency, the history of which is unparalleled, occupied eight hundred workmen, who sometimes printed, numbered, and stamped, from 2 to 3 millions of francs a day. During the six years of their currency, the annual revenue was about 300 million francs. These sums were applied to the purchase of neutrality and alliance abroad. In a curious report made to the convention on this subject by St. Just, the court of Constantinople alone is said to have cost 70 millions of francs in diamonds and gold!

even the members of that school have occasionally displayed a spirit which confers dignity on human nature. If France had, after all, worked out her salvation; if *liberty* had survived these furious struggles, we should consider mankind as gainers. Her own losses would have been retrieved; her crimes might have been forgotten; but it is of all reflections the most lamentable, that the issue which is now before our eyes, has not only rendered her redemption hopeless, but has dishonoured the cause of freedom, which is now throughout the universe made responsible for her miscarriage.

In this country, it has been but too much the fashion to point the moral of this revolution one way, without adverting to the awful warning which it holds out, as well to rulers as to subjects. The pride of the patrician may be instructed by this catastrophe, no less than the jealousy of the plebeian. In the utter annihilation of the old hereditary distinctions, and the ruin of the great proprietaries of France, there is assuredly something fitted to alarm and to improve the aristocracy of rank and wealth of all countries. Necker states in his book on finance, that there were seven thousand pedigrees carefully deposited in the Royal Library of Paris; and we will not undertake to conjecture how many title-deeds of extensive patrimony might have been found upon the judicial records. If we should ask, why it is, that these no longer exist?—we must not be told, that the wreck of title, of fortune, and of royal power, was owing to the mere perversity of the people, or to the unprovoked spirit of faction. The people may unjustly and capriciously desert an individual contending against the power of a government; but will never abandon a government which has honestly laboured to deserve and to secure their affections. If those who were upon "the slippery heights" of the kingdom of France, had been less confident of their security, and more attentive to the progress of publick opinion; if the privileged orders had discarded in time, their habits of luxurious indolence, and zealously cooperated to ease the burdens, and to ameliorate the condition of the lower classes; to promote economical reforms; to restore order to the finances; to purify the civil list; and to restrain the cupidity of courtiers;* if the royal princes had not, by their prodigality and their excesses, offended even the decorum of vice; if the experiment had been fully tried, of *a popular minister seconded by a patriotick king*, they might have stood firm upon the basis of their own authority, in spite of all the machinations of philosophers and deists, encyclopedists and levellers, to whom their misfortunes are so piously and loyally ascribed. When Lepelletier, president of the parliament of Paris, advised the recall of Necker, it was with this exclamation: Representons le peuple, de peur qu'il ne se represente lui même! "Let us represent the people, lest they should represent themselves."

One of the chief causes of the atrocious character which the revolution assumed, is to be found in the apathy or pusillanimity of those who were most deeply interested in the preservation of order, and best able to fashion publick sentiment. The greater part of these men, at the commencement of the contest, either looked on with indifference, or shrunk back in dismay, or consented

* "*Le livre rouge*,—la prodigalité des princes,—l'énormité de la liste civile,—l'insatiable cupidité des courtisans et des agens des menus plaisirs, voila la racine du mal," &c. [*Observ. sur la Rev.*] "I am convinced," says Necker, "that a habitual residence at Versailles weakens, in an administration of the finances, the inclination and ambition to undertake great things;—there he sees vanities rated so high, and such a deep interest taken in the game of ambition and intrigue, that he loses sight of the true value of every thing that is worthy of esteem."

to purchase a momentary security at the expense of honour and conscience. Had the men of moderate views and local influence, when the dangers of anarchy were but too apparent, stood bravely forward, and united to combat the designs of faction, they might have set bounds to the fury of a tempest which they could not wholly avert. Their irresolution served only to embolden the audacity of the turbulent, and their precipitate flight to confirm the dominion of the mob.* The law of Solon, which enacted, that the citizen who, in a period of civil commotion, did not side with one or other of the contending parties, should forfeit his estate, and be for ever banished the commonwealth, extraordinary as it may at first appear, is, nevertheless, founded in correct views of human nature, and has a tendency, not to foment, but to appease dissension. In such a conjuncture, an attention to petty interests leads to total ruin; and the neutrality of the good only widens the field for those profligate passions, and desperate projects, which the ferment of discontent naturally calls into action. That ferment can, however, in no degree, be allayed by an obstinate adherence to palpable corruptions. When we inculcate the necessity of a prompt and persevering exertion of that influence which always accompanies prescriptive authority, personal character, and honest intentions, it is with a full persuasion, that they never can be successful over the unremitting activity of the fiends of discord, unless attended by a ready concurrence in the reformation of abuses, by timely concessions, and by temperate and conciliatory language. If the war of extermination so long waged in the bosom of France, yield one salutary caution to all orders of men, it is, that they should be sparing in the application of general terms of reproach or contumelious epithets of party. The use made in that unfortunate country of the words *jacobin* and *aristocrat*, abundantly proves, that what at first is but loosely or petulantly thrown out as a mark of ridicule or distinction, not only serves to swell the number, and exasperate the resentment of parties, but may be converted into an engine of the most furious and sanguinary proscription.*

Among the most striking lessons which are taught by the history of this revolution, is the profound oblivion into which multitudes have already fallen, who were once objects either of terrour or pity to the whole nation. These volumes contain, not only the catalogue of those who, in the face of the world, swore eternal hatred to royalty, and are now the most prominent agents of despotism, but the names also of a host of clamorous politicians and writers of vast importance in their day, whose influence and notoriety are now buried, without the possibility of resuscitation. It is remarkable also, how active a share was taken in the tumults of the time by the mere men of science and letters, and to what "illustrious dignities" many of *them* have attained under the auspices of a martial monarch. Doubtless, the nature of their pursuits inclined them to espouse, with eagerness, the cause of freedom; but the part they have

* Vide *Aul. Gel. in Noct. Attic. lib.* 2. c. 12.—"Boni nescio," says Cicero, "quomodo tardiores sunt et principiis rerum neglectis ad extremum ipsa denique necessitate excitantur—ita ut nonnunquam cunctatione ac tarditate, dum otium volunt, etiam sine dignitate retinere, ipsi utrumque amittant."—[*Pro Sextio.*]

* The list of political denominations introduced during the conflict of parties, and employed for the purpose of mutual destruction, deserves to be reported. Anarchistes, Aristocrates, Babouvistes, Brissotines, Chouans, Clichiens, Contre-revolutionaires, Cordeliers, Dantonistes, Federalistes, Feuillans, Girondins, Hebatistes, Jacobins, Maratistes, Modérés, Montagnards, Orleanistes, Reactionnaires, Sansculottes, Septembriseurs, Theophilantropes, Terroristes, Thermidoriens, Vendéens, &c.

ultimately chosen leads us to suspect, that their zeal was animated by a wish to govern, πολιτέυεσθαι, in the first instance, and that, in the miscarriage of their hopes, they have not been insensible to the consolations of what Mr. Burke so emphatically terms "the gross lucre and fat emoluments of servitude."

In the number of distinguished royalists who have returned to breathe the air of their native country, we observe but few, however, who hold any publick trusts. Their situation necessarily exacts the affectation at least of a cheerful acquiescence in the present order of things; those who are in the capital, either from fear or inclination, contribute to swell the pomp of the imperial court, and to enliven the drawing rooms of the new nobility. But in the merit of consistency, they are certainly superiour to their republican antagonists. The apostacy of the latter might, nevertheless, admit of many palliatives. Those who once wore the *bonnet rouge* should not, indeed, ostentatiously display the livery of a despot; but it must be acknowledged, that the establishment of his power was beyond their control. France had reached a crisis, when the absolute sway of an individual was rendered necessary, and perhaps desirable, even for such as sighed, with disinterested zeal, after the blessings of freedom. Every man of judgment had become sensible of the hopelessness of their first pursuit: and it must be needless to suggest, that the preponderance of the military, left no choice, even of evils, to the civil authority. During the paroxysms of the revolution, the officers of the army either caught the contagion of republican sentiments, or saw the necessity of professing them; but their allegiance was much more naturally and readily paid to a victorious general, than to the bloody phantom of a republick.

At the establishment of the consular government, in order to colour the first usurpation, the forms of a free constitution were preserved; and it was even deemed expedient, to introduce into the new legislative bodies the leading republicans of the old. To make this, however, as little dangerous as possible, it was provided, that one fifth of the members of the legislative assembly should be annually replaced. The process of excluding this proportion is entitled *elimination;* and we observe, that during the first years, the lot regularly fell upon those who continued to assert their original doctrines, or who indicated a disposition to scrutinize the views, and resist the encroachments, of the first consul. The tribunate, which was found the most democratical and restive branch of the legislature, was soon pared down to the number of fifty, and finally abolished. Still, however, the legislature, the great offices of state, the prefectures of the departments, and the judicial employments, particularly, are filled by men who took an active part in promoting the revolution. Their enmity might have endangered the stability of the new sovereign; their influence and their talents were necessary for the erection of that vast and regular system of administration which was projected; their dissensions, and their venality, rendered them an easy conquest. Under a general view of human nature, the policy was wise; for men, who, in the commencement of a reign, believe themselves suspected, would naturally wish to blazon their fidelity; to counteract the prejudice arising from their character, by particular zeal and activity in the discharge of their new functions. The event at least, has, in this instance, justified this supposition.

Wherever disaffection was openly expressed, the individual was either exiled into the remote departments, or placed under the particular supervision of the police. This plan is still pursued. An austere and jealous vigilance is now exercised over

the *unreclaimed* republicans, and particularly over the royalists, who are objects of much greater suspicion and apprehension. Although a system of intimidation, beyond our powers of description, is extended over all the subjects of the empire, the instances of studied oppression, or of immoderate rigour, in the civil administration, have certainly been few; much fewer, indeed, than might have been expected, when we consider how fierce and delirious was the anarchy to which this formal and omnipotent despotism has succeeded. Within the last three or four years, since the leading patriots, either corrupted by the fortune, or overawed by the power, of their new ruler, have consummated their apostacy, his favour has been somewhat diverted to those who adhered, as far as the temper of the revolution would allow, to the *mezzo termine*, or whose revolutionary career was marked by a degree of moderation. Some expansion. too, is occasionally permitted to those bitter enmities which still rankle among the victims and agents of party violence, and every indulgence for the disclosure of such traits as serve to aggravate the infamy, and elucidate the views of the factions into which the convention was divided. The policy of indulging, to a certain extent, this war of recrimination, is obvious, and highly serviceable. The prostration of all the adverse parties is a triumph for each: the humiliation of their adversaries gratifies their private hate, and reconciles them to the evils of their own condition. It is worthy of remark, that this feeling of our nature operated to strengthen even the dominion of Robespierre. France, rent and exhausted by the conflicts of the different factions, seemed to be less miserable under one tyrant, and to rejoice at a tyranny which was indiscriminately exercised. The royalists appeared grateful for the vengeance which he inflicted on his revolutionary colleagues; and it is doubtful whether the savage reign of this detestable monster might not have been prolonged, had he not driven his own instruments to desperation, by his insatiable thirst for blood.

It is easy to imagine, that the despotism of Buonaparte, notwithstanding the misery of which it must be productive, must have other supports than that of the military force. We cannot find colours sufficiently vivid, to paint the appalling image which the revolution has left in the minds of the moderate and timid portion of the community. There is a morbid sensibility on this head, which astonishes even those who give full credit to every disastrous tale of suffering and barbarity to which this event has given birth. For multitudes, therefore, the actual exemption from revolutionary massacres and alarms is a state of comparative beatitude; and the possibility of their recurrence far more formidable than any existing evil. The minute subdivision of property, which we noticed in a former number, has created a great body of new proprietaries, who would hazard more than they could hope to gain by any change. The government, moreover, has studiously multiplied offices, to a degree highly burthensome, no doubt, to the people, but which interests in its support, a host of dependants, whose allegiance is secured by present benefits, and whose zeal is stimulated by the hope of future rewards. The additional splendour with which the new despotism is daily invested; the stately affectation and ostentatious pageantry of the imperial court, are not to be ascribed to the workings of mere vanity, but to views of profound policy. By the formation of a numerous state hierarchy; by lengthening the chain of subordination; by multiplying the titles, and dividing the substance of power; new ties and interests are produced, which augment the influence and enlarge the foundations of the throne. Such a system is every way adapted to the temper of the people. The more ceremonious the servitude, the sooner wil

every vestige of republican feeling be obliterated. The spirit of freedom soon disappears with the characteristick simplicity of its institutions.

Although we are far from believing that either Buonaparte or his government is now popular, in the usual acceptation of the term, we can readily conceive, that the reflecting part of the nation may have many inducements to uphold his authority. Experience has taught them the unfitness of their country for any other than an absolute government, and the necessity, at this moment, of a system of rigorous coercion. Dreadful as is the domestick police, there is no man acquainted with the actual state of society in France, who does not see the impossibility of preserving order without some such inquisition. Detestable, too, and dangerous as is the genius of their government, it cannot be without some merit in the eyes of *Frenchmen*. Under the shade of the imperial purple, most of the elegant pleasures of the mind, and some of the generous sympathies of the heart, are suffered to flourish, and may be almost considered as a new creation. From a state of total disorganization, of the most destructive civil war, France has been restored, by the provident ambition of her new rulers, to the enjoyment of many of the advantages of a well regulated community. Their labours to establish a regular administration of justice and of the finances, and to form some system at least of publick instruction, are not without their utility; although, as we are informed, they have not as yet proved eminently successful. Their plan of conquest, too, although it has deluged the neighbouring countries with blood, has preserved their own territory from becoming the theatre of war. The improvements in the roads; the rapid construction of publick works; the numerous institutions for the encouragement of national industry; the embellishments of the capital; the ostentatious protection extended to the sciences and to the fine arts, all involve solid advantages, while they spring from the comprehensive and truly Machiavelian wisdom of an ambitious despot. In making these remarks, we allude to the condition in which he found France; and must not be understood as retracting the opinions which we formerly delivered, with regard to the pernicious consequences likely to result, both to her and to the world from the foreign policy of his government. Under this point of view, we are ready to exclaim with the poet,

Αϱ απολοιʃο χϱ αλλ' ὁτις τοιαυτά γε ϱεζοι.

We shall now present our readers with such a selection of the notices and anecdotes contained in these volumes, as our limits will allow. The first are instances of a flexibility of conscience or of judgment, not often paralleled, even in the world of politicks.

Grégoire, whose name is so conspicuous in the annals of the revolution, is now a member of the senate and of the legion of honour. He was born near Luneville, in 1750; and, after serving as a curate, was deputed to the states general, and was among the first of those of the clerical order who passed down to the lower chamber. On the 8th of July, 1789, he declaimed against the march of the troops which the king had ordered to approach Paris, and exclaimed: "That if Frenchmen ever consented to become slaves, they should be despised as the refuse of nations." On the 5th of October, he described the king as surrounded by the enemies of the people; denounced M. de Bouille; and asked, why it was that Paris, after an abundant harvest, was driven to insurrection by the want of food. The ministers were less able to answer this question than the duke of Orleans; but the object of the orator was, to exasperate the populace against the court, by this insidious accusation. Grégoire was the first ecclesiastick who took the

constitutional oath. In return, he obtained the bishoprick of Blois, and soon after became president of the assembly. At the period of the king's flight, he pronounced a violent invective against the monarch, and called for an immediate trial. In September 1792, he was delegated to the convention, and soon after made and carried a motion for the abolition of royalty, declaring at the same time, "that kings were, in the moral order of things, what monsters are in the physical, and that their history was the martyrology of nations." On the 15th of November, he pronounced a violent philippick against Louis XVI. and requested that he might be arraigned without delay. He was then made president of the convention; and, having proposed the incorporation of Savoy with France, was sent to organize that county, under the name of the department of Mont Blanc. As the king was tried during his absence, he did not vote; but wrote, concurrently with his colleagues, to announce to the assembly, that, "under a conviction of the unremitting treachery of that perjured monarch, he solicited his condemnation without an appeal to the people." In 1793, he invited Barere to retract the eulogy which he had pronounced on Louis the Twelfth, and undertook to prove, that this pretended father was, in fact, the scourge of his people. On the 7th November, however, he loudly condemned Gobel for abjuring the Christian religion and his episcopal functions. He was then accused by Bourdon de l'Oise, of wishing to *christianize* the revolution [Christianiser la revolution.] On the 4th of March, 1794, he read to the assembly an original letter, as he stated it to be, of Charles the Ninth, recommending that a recompense should be given for the assassination of the constable of Mouy; and this letter he proposed to have enrolled among the national archives, "in order that its publicity might aggravate the abhorrence which nations should feel for kings." In April, he tendered to the convention some historical researches concerning the tree of liberty. In September 1795, he became one of the council of five hundred. After the 18th Brumaire, [December] 1799 he was elected to the legislative body, of which he was nominated president in February 1800. On the 25th December, 1801, he was appointed a member of the conservative senate, and decorated with the insignia of the legion of honour. Grégoire has published a great variety of works, and now divides his time between literary pursuits and the routine of his political station, which he fills with much apparent satisfaction. However reprehensible for the violence of his revolutionary opinions, he deserves no small credit for the energy with which, during the worst periods he defended, and for the zeal with which he has uniformly protected, the cause of science and literature. At this moment, his house is the favourite rendezvous of many of the most distinguished *savans* of the French capital; and, in private life, there are few men of more amiable character, or more winning manners.

The next name we shall select is that of *Garat*, originally a mere man of letters, now a member of the legion of honour, of the institute, and of the senate, and professor of history in the Lyceum of Paris. He was sent to the states general from Labour; in 1798 was made minister of justice, and, as such, acquainted the king with his condemnation. This task he executed, according to Bertrand de Moleville, with great barbarity. In March 1793, he became minister of the interiour. At a sitting of the jacobins on the 16th July of that year, he was complimented by Danton on the important services which he had rendered the cause. He soon after abdicated his ministry, and announced his intention to edit a republican journal. He was, within

a short time, twice arrested, but saved by the activity of his friends. In 1797, he published an elaborate epistle addressed to La Harpe, with a view to demonstrate the utility of persevering in the use of the term Citizen. In 1798, he went as ambassadour to Naples; but soon rendered himself obnoxious by the warmth of his republican principles, and returned to take a seat in the council of ancients. He became president of this body in 1799, and pronounced a discourse on the anniversary of the king's death. He cooperated zealously in the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, and announced the adoption of the consular government, in an encomiastick speech. In 1806, he delivered, before the senate, a long and florid oration on the victories of the emperour Napoleon, and now shares largely both in the favour and the munificence of his master.

There are few names of more note, in the revolutionary annals, than that of *Merlin de Douai*. He passed from the bar to the states general in 1789, and was conspicuously active in promoting all the popular measures of that period. After the session, he became president of the criminal tribunal of the department of the north, and was delegated to the convention in 1792; but, on arriving in Paris, found himself implicated in an accusation relating to some papers seized in the Thuileries. He appeared at the bar on the 7th December, and justified himself by proving, "that he had never committed the crime of wishing to serve Louis the Sixteenth." He voted for his death; and, in 1793, procured the enactment of a law against suspicious persons; which crowded the prisons throughout France with numberless victims, of all conditions and parties. He afterwards went under the name of *Merlin the Suspicious*. In 1794, he became a member of the committee of publick safety, and was among the most active of that body for a long period. On the 14th November, the directory appointed him minister of justice, and, in January 1796, minister of police. He succeeded Barthelemy as a member of the directory, and acquired a great ascendancy over his colleagues. After having shared the supreme power for some time with Barras and Rewbel, he was compelled to resign, and had the good fortune to escape unhurt from the accusations preferred against him on all sides After officiating as attorney general in the court of Cassation, he became a member of the legion of honour in 1804; and, in 1806, was made a counsellor of state. Carnot said of this man, in his Memoir: "That he marched steadily in the revolutionary line, and never swerved from his principles." His present situation is the best commentary on this panegyrick. He must not, however, be confounded with another of the same name, *Merlin de Thionville*, one of the most indefatigable and relentless monsters of the revolution. The latter, originally sheriff's officer, announced to the convention, that he had no other accusation to prefer against his own revolutionary conduct, than that of having neglected to poignard Louis XVI. on the 10th of August. Although among the prominent leaders of the republican party, he eluded the persecutions to which they were alternately subject, and is now in the quiet enjoyment of an immense fortune, accumulated by every species of rapine and violence.

Merlin de Thionville was intimately connected with Chabot, the celebrated Capuchin, in whose life there are some singular traits. In consequence of his "ardent patriotism," he became the curate of Grégoire; and, until he was executed in 1794, was in the first rank of incendiaries. In the course of July 1792, he caused himself to be wounded by six men hired for the purpose, in order that the king might be accused of an attempt at assassination. It is credibly stated,

that he urged Merlin with the most serious and pressing instances to assassinate him; and to have his body transported to the Faubourgs, in order to kindle the fury of the mob, and to expedite the destruction of the monarchy. He, on one occasion, summoned the convention, of which he was a member, to swear, "that, profoundly convinced of the vices of all kings, they would for ever detest them." The whole assembly rose, and replied, "*Nous le jurons; plus de roi!*" He requested also that a new law might be framed concerning emigrants, "so simple, that a child might send an emigrant to the guillotine." The *liaisons* of Merlin with this man and Bazire, a worthy coadjutor, gave rise to the following *jeu d'esprit*.

"Connoissez-vous rien de plus sot,
Que Merlin, Bazire et Chabot?
Non: Je ne connois rien de pire
Que Merlin, Chabot et Bazire:
Et personne n'est plus coquin
Que Chabot, Bazire et Merlin." &c.

Jean Debry, associated in the French mission to the congress of Rastadt wih Robertjot and Bonnier, whose mysterious assassination created so lively a sensation throughout Europe, is now a senator, a dignitary of the legion of honour, and prefect of the department of Doubs. He was originally a delegate to the legislative assembly, and a coryphæus of the popular party. No man evinced, on all occasions, a more acrimonious and active hostility to priests and kings, whom he constantly denounced as the *feculence and putrefaction of the human race*. At his instigation the assembly decreed, that monsieur, the brother of the king, had forfeited his right to the crown, in consequence of disobedience to the laws on the subject of emigration. On the 20th of June 1792, he prevented the assembly from entertaining a question which tended to the prevention of the nocturnal attacks made on the palace of the Thuileries, and signalized himself, by his exertions to promote the memorable affair of the 10th of August. On the 20th of the same month, he proposed the formation of a corps of *Tyrannicides*, whose sole duty it should be, to single out and to destroy the kings at war with France, and the generals who commanded their armies. He soon after moved, that a reward of 100,000 francs should be given to the person who should bring to the assembly the heads of Francis II. the duke of Brunswick, and "all the other beasts who resembled them." He voted for the death of the king; became a member of the committee of publick safety; and procured the establishment of a committee of supervision throughout France, which gave birth to the revolutionary tribunals, so celebrated for the atrocity of their proceedings.

After a zealous and efficient cooperation in the violent and sanguinary measures of the time, he became, in the year 1796, a member of the council of five hundred, was elected secretary, and soon after president of that body. In 1798, he presented a report on the necessity of infusing new life and vigour into their republican institutions, in which the following, among other sentiments, are to be remarked. "If we must have a superstition, let us have that of liberty; the fanaticism of liberty, if we can. There is no philosophy without patriotism, no genius but in a republican soul. The sacred love of liberty is one of the noblest characteristicks of talent, as well as of virtue," &c. In 1798, he was sent as minister plenipotentiary to Rastadt, and, on his return, was wounded in the attack made upon the French legation. On his arrival at Paris, he made his appearance in the council of ancients, with his arm in a sling, and invoked the vengeance of the nation on the house of Austria. At the sitting of the 19th June, consecrated to the memory of Bonnier and Robertjot, the president solemnly addressed Jean Debry in this way.

"You live. The task of proclaiming your merits belongs to posterity. It is our province to avenge your wrongs." Debry made this reply. "I swear by the manes of my unfortunate colleagues, that I will rather share their fate than be unfaithful to this republick; without which, nothing remains for us but to die." It was then decreed, that the seat of Robertjot, who had been a member, should be covered with black crape; and that, until it was filled, the president should, whenever his name was read from the roll, pronounce these words: "May the fate of the French ministers assassinated at Rastadt be retorted upon the house of Austria!" After the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, Jean Debry became a member of the tribunate; and, in 1800, pronounced a panegyrick on the first consul, and a speech in honour of the victory of Marengo. He has since seconded and applauded all the measures of the new government, and is now among the most ardent admirers of "*those transcendent qualities which belong to the whole imperial race.*" During the revolution, this man was remarked for the acrimony of his invectives against the emigrants, and those who had voted for the banishment of the king. Among the latter, many were induced to pronounce that judgment, from a conviction, that by no other expedient could the life of the monarch be saved. Others, who aimed at the destruction of the monarchy, were nevertheless subdued by the virtuous and beneficent character of the sovereign. Their lenity proved fatal to themselves, by marking them out as objects of suspicion and vengeance to the more sanguinary republicans. One of the opinions delivered on this subject, by a member of the name of Alasseur, deserves to be mentioned, as exhibiting a curious *rapprochement*. It was expressed in this way: "Rome banished her kings, and remained free. Cesar was assassinated by Brutus, and had a successour. The English destroyed their tyrant, but resumed their chains. I think, therefore, that to preserve liberty, Louis should be banished." Many of the members who voted for the punishment of death, expressed their opinion in a manner too shockingly barbarous to be related. One of them remarked, that, long before the revolution, "he had conceived and treasured up that vote *in his heart*." It is said of another, of the name of Le Jeune, that he had small guillotines made for the purpose of decapitating the poultry used at his table; that he used them to cut his fruit; and never failed to point out to his guests the *general utility of the machine*.

Cochon, whose name must be familiar to all our readers, is now prefect of the Netherlands, and a member of the legion of honour. After voting for the death of the king, and cooperating in all the excesses of the time, he was sent as commissary of the convention, to the army of the north, and assisted with distinguished courage at the siege of Valenciennes, the capitulation of which he attributed to the treachery of the inhabitants, in his report to the convention. He became, in 1794, a member of the committee of publick safety, and in 1795, accompanied the army of the north to Holland. In the following year, the directory appointed him minister of police, a situation in which he was found eminently useful, in detecting and baffling the conspiracies of Babœuf and of the camp of Grenelle, where four hundred jacobins were cut to pieces, conformably to his arrangements with the commanding officer. In 1797, he denounced and brought to trial, several emissaries of the Bourbons; and stated, in his report of the trial, "that he knew not to what he was to attribute the *odious distinction* of being placed in their list of the ministers who were to be retained after the revival of the monarchy," with this additional remark, "that he had voted for the death of the king." He soon after

swore to combat the enemies of the republick, of whatever party; and, in a report against the refractory priests, accused them of corrupting the publick mind. He was afterwards dismissed by the directory, and included among the *déportés*; but had proceeded no further than the island of Oleron, when the revolution of the 18th Brumaire took place. He returned, and was immediately admitted to the favour of the new government, of which he is now a zealous supporter.

The polished courtesy and peculiar softness of manner by which Cochon is distinguished in private life, are strikingly contrasted with the intemperance of his political career. He was originally an advocate, and unites considerable literary attainments to an uncommon share of sagacity and industry. The government have associated with him at Antwerp, in the capacity of *maritime prefect*, *Malouet* who sustained so courageously and ably, the falling fortunes of the monarchy, and who emigrated to this country in the year 1792. The latter enjoyed much of the confidence of Louis XVI; and when the intended trial of that monarch was known in London, wrote to the executive council, to request that he might be permitted to undertake his defence before the convention;—a trait of loyalty which deserves to be recorded. On his return to France, after the affair of the 18th Brumaire, he was at first arrested by the police, but soon obtained his release; and in 1803 was chosen by the government to fill his present station. It was expected that these men, by the attractions of their society, and the mildness of their administration, would have been able to conciliate the inhabitants of Antwerp; but such was the general antipathy to the French dominion, that even in 1807, they had not succeeded in establishing a social intercourse with more than two or three of the principal personages of the department.

With the exception of Malouet, Mounier, Ségur, Alexandre, La Rochefoucault, and cardinal Maury, but few of the distinguished royalists have enlisted themselves in the service of the new dynasty. Ségur, who at various times, acted as a foreign minister under the *ancien régime*, is now a counsellor of state, and grand master of ceremonies at the imperial court. Mounier died in 1806, at Paris, after having become a senator and prefect of one of the departments. Prince Ferdinand de Rohan, formerly archbishop of Cambray, is now almoner of the empress.

Cardinal Maury retired from the first tumults of the revolution to Rome, where he obtained his cardinal's hat. In 1805, he addressed a letter to the emperour Napoleon, signifying his wish to return to France, and to recognise the new government. In the month of June of that year, he was presented to the monarch at Genoa, and much gratified by his reception. He was soon after appointed almoner to prince Jerome, and obtained a bishoprick. He is now resident in Paris, professing himself to be warmly devoted to the interests of the reigning family. In the month of May, he was received as a member of the Institute, and delivered, on that occasion, an elaborate discourse.—No occurrence of the kind ever excited more curiosity in the capital, or drew a more numerous auditory. His reputation as the first orator of the *Côté droit*, and the formidable rival of Mirabeau; the unshaken courage and persevering energy with which he once defended the throne of the Bourbons, and his recent defection from their cause, on which he was expected to touch, gave an extraordinary interest to his first publick exhibition. His hearers, however, retired fatigued and disgusted, with a dull and prolix harangue, remarkable only for the fulsome adulation which it offered to the imperial family. Those who recollected him preaching before the king,

his benefactor, or asserting, in the national assembly, the rights of his order, with such force of argument, and so captivating an elocution, had the mortification to find, that his manner was stripped of all the charms with which it was once invested; and that, with the dignity of his character, he had lost the fire of his genius, and the lustre of his eloquence.

The name of *Mirabeau* is so often conjoined with that of *Maury*, that we are naturally led to turn to the article which treats of the former. The accounts of this extraordinary man are already so voluminous, that it would be superfluous to indulge in any details. The disorders of his private life, and the extraordinary inflictions to which they exposed him, enter not into our present subject. It is sufficient to say, that, being rejected at the first election for the states-general by the noblesse of Provence, he hired a shop, and inscribed on his sign: "Mirabeau, draper." He succeeded as a candidate for the third estate, and, at the court of Versailles, passed under the designation of the *plebeian count*. He soon signalized himself in the tribune by the powers of his invective, and the sagacity with which he analyzed every question of publick interest agitated in the assembly. His first connexion was with the duke of Orleans, whom he abandoned, after making a liberal use of his purse His frequent overtures to the king satisfactorily prove, that he sought popularity only to acquire a more arbitrary dominion over the court. It was not until near the end of the session, after a fiery and turbulent opposition, which is too well known to require any description, and when he had obtained an unrivalled ascendency over the popular party, that his services were accepted by the court, his debts paid, and a pension allowed him. It does not appear, that he at any time contemplated the possibility of establishing a democracy in France; but it is certain that, after his desertion to the court, he had formed the plan of dissolving a legislature, which he soon found wholly untractable.* His death frustrated the execution of this scheme—perhaps the only one which could have saved the monarchy. The address with which he contrived to promote his own views, by appearing to second those of his old confederates, the energy and splendour of his declamation, are all calculated to inspire the highest idea of his powers, and to awaken a lively regret, that an intelligence almost stupendous should have been conjoined with a depravity of morals scarcely to be paralleled. The mechanism of his oratory is said, by all those who knew him, to have corresponded to the force and brilliancy of his expression. His works, some of which are detestably licentious, display a profound knowledge of human nature, and deep research; but

* We find the opinions which Mr. Burke has expressed in his Letter on the French Revolution, concerning the composition of this assembly, confirmed in these volumes, by a very remarkable testimony. They mention a farmer of the name of Gerard, who was introduced as a member of the states-general, for the purpose of conciliating the people of his district, by making one of themselves a representative of the nation. He was wholly without education, and in manners and dress a mere peasant; but with much honesty and good sense to compensate for his exteriour. In writing to his constituents, he expressed himself in this way: "What can I do in the midst of a crowd of pettyfogging lawyers and attorneys, who believe they know every thing, and look upon themselves as the most important branch of the legislature, although they have not an inch of ground under the sun, and can only gain by the total subversion of the existing order of things?" One of the orators of the assembly terminated a long speech, by asking Gerard what he thought of the assembly. "I think," said Gerard, rising in his place, and looking very gravely around him, "I think there are a great many scoundrels among us."

are written in a loose, luxuriant style, and in much too declamatory a tone. He died at the early age of forty-two, declaring "that he carried the monarchy away with him." It was a favourite phrase of his, in allusion to the versatility of the mob, "that the distance was but small from the capitol to the Tarpeian rock."

Mirabeau had a younger brother, the *viscompte*, of a character nearly as depraved as his own, and gifted with uncommon powers of wit and ridicule, which he wielded to the great annoyance of the popular party. His brother said of him, that, in any other family, the viscompte would have been considered as a profligate; but that, in theirs, he was a prodigy of virtue. During the tumults, to which the question of confiscating the property of the clergy gave rise, in the constituent assembly, the younger brother apologized for the vehemence of his manner, by stating, "that, in that assembly, he found the logick of the lungs as necessary as any other species of dialecticks" When the elder Mirabeau reproached him with indulging in habits of intoxication, his reply was: "What can you complain of? Of all the vices of any importance, you have left me no distinctive one but that." He emigrated, and died at Fribourg in 1792, after serving with distinction, under the orders of the prince of Condé.

In the number of those who have stood foremost in the revolutionary ranks, there is, perhaps, no individual, whose character or history is more interesting than that of *Carnot*. He is the only one of the whole list of republicans, who has adhered to their former principles, and in whose character and manners the new order of things appears to have wrought no change. He entered, at an early age, into the corps of engineers, and owed his advancement to the favour of the prince of Condé. Some mathematical essays and light verses acquired him a certain degree of reputation before the revolution. He was a captain of engineers at the commencement of the troubles; and, in 1791, was deputed to the legislature by the department of the *Pas de Calais*. An ardent imagination, heated by a constant meditation, or deep study of the popular institutions of antiquity, led him to embrace the popular cause with eagerness, and to concur zealously in most of the intemperate opinions and measures of the time. He voted for the accusation of the princes; for the fabrication of 30,000 pikes to arm the sans-culottes; and, finally, for the death of the king. He was sent, by the convention, on various missions to the armies; and signalized himself as much by personal intrepidity, as by the energy of his republicanism. In the month of March 1793, accompanying the army of the north, he cashiered general Gratien on the field of battle, for having retreated before the enemy; and put himself at the head of the troops. On his return to the convention, he became a member of the committee of publick safety; and, under the influence of Robespierre, was but too active an auxiliary in the unprecedented atrocities which characterized the reign of terrour. His conduct during that period gave rise to the picture which Mr. Burke has drawn of him, in his first letter on the regicide peace. Carnot, by the peculiar bent of his genius, soon acquired an unlimited influence in the military department; and, during his administration, it could never be said, that the errours of the cabinet rendered abortive the operations of the field. He was intrusted with all the plans deposited in the bureaux since the reign of Louis XIV. and, by his own memoirs and instructions, issued in the name of the committee of publick safety, contributed materially to the astonishing success of the French arms. He claimed the merit of the victory of Maubeuge, gained by Jourdan, at which he assisted as commissary of

the convention; and he has, at all times, been ambitious of this species of glory. In May 1794, he was elected president of the convention; and, when a deputation from the jacobins appeared at the bar, to state, in a formal manner, that they actually believed in the existence of a God, Carnot told them, that this step alone was sufficient to refute all the calumnies vomited forth against their society. He, on one occasion, denounced Turreau, now ambassadour to the United States of America, and Carrier, for their barbarities in La Vendée. And when Barrere and Collot were arraigned by the convention, undertook their defence with the utmost warmth. He was, himself, exposed to frequent attacks, particularly in May 1795, when Legendre called for his arrest; but Bourdon de l'Oise saved him, by exclaiming: "This is the man who organized victory in the French armies!" He was afterwards raised to the directorship, and, for some time, exerted a considerable ascendency over his colleagues; but was at last overpowered by their intrigues, and compelled to take refuge in Germany, where he published a vindication of his conduct. And it is rather remarkable that he should, although at that time under the protection of a monarch, have terminated it, by declaring himself "still the irreconcilable enemy of kings." This *Memoir Justificatif* accelerated the downfall of the directory, whose vices and crimes he has denounced with great force and acrimony of invective. He returned to France after the dissolution of their power, and was appointed minister of war in April 1800. He, however, soon relinquished this office, and lived for some time in retirement. In 1802, he consented to act as a member of the tribunate; and in this capacity, resisted, on several occasions, the favourite measures of the government. He stood *alone* in his vote against the consulate for life; strenuously opposed the accession of Buonaparte to the imperial dignity; and persisted in refusing to sign the registers. In 1807, he appeared to be wholly engrossed by his avocations, as a member of the first class of the institute. Various works on the higher branches of the mathematicks attest his eminence in that science. In manners, in countenance, and in the deep workings of the soul, no one of his contemporaries approaches so nearly to the republican models of antiquity, as there is none more profoundly versed in all the branches of republican history. These studies, perhaps, have nourished a fierce spirit, and a severity of temper, which have justly subjected him to the imputation of cruelty; but he is free from the reproach of peculation, which attaches to so many of his colleagues. Those who contemplate him, under his present circumstances, and recollect the genius of the man, and the sphere in which he has once moved, are reminded of the picture which the Roman historians draw of Marius, sitting on the ruins of Carthage. The skill and intrepidity which he, and many others, without a military education, exhibited, when deputed to the armies, is a trait too remarkable to be passed over. There is, moreover, something to admire in the lofty confidence which the commissaries of the convention, like those of Rome, so often manifested in the fortunes of the republick, although accompanied by the fastidious insolence of profligate power. They spoke and fought with equal energy. When general Montesquieu hesitated to take possession of Geneva, in consequence of the remonstrances of the Swiss cantons, Dubois Crancé, the delegate to his army, is said to have exclaimed: "A quoi bon tant de façons:" "I would beat down Geneva into her own lake by a shower of bombs, and invite the magnificent cantons to fish her up again." In the life of St. Just, who, at the age of twenty-six, perished on the scaffold with Robespierre, and whose en-

dowments resembled those of Carnot, there are striking instances of the same spirit. While with the army of the north, and at the battle of Fleurus, he exhibited the accomplishments of an able general, united to the desperate courage of a soldier, and the lofty enthusiasm of an impetuous proconsul. The associates of Carnot in the directorial power, are still alive. Rewbell * who voted for the death of the king, and who acquired so much celebrity by his rapacious exactions, although in disgrace with the government, is left to enjoy the fruits of them in the vicinity of Paris. *La Réveilliere Lepeaux*, the high priest of the sect of Theophilanthropists, and of whom it was sarcastically observed, by one of his colleagues, "that his predominant passion was the fear of being hung," is living, unmolested, in the midst of botanical pursuits. *Barras* resides in a state of honourable exile, in the south of France. *Roger Ducos*, who, in 1794, presided at the meetings of the jacobin society, and passed from the station of director to that of third consul in 1799, fell soon after into the ranks of the senate, where he now glitters as one of the great dignitaries of the legion of honour. *Sieyés*, supports the same honours, with a large estate, bestowed by the consuls as a national recompense.

* This man was charged with "*les grands mouvements pécuniaires*," in the technical phraseology of the banditti. A relation of Rewbell, of the name of *Rapinat*, was sent into Switzerland by the directory, "*pour travailler la Suisse*"—to pillage and distract that country. It is rather a singular coincidence, that his two principal coadjutors in this honourable mission, were called *Forfait* and *Grugeon*. His spoliations became so intolerable at length, that the French government was compelled to recall him. On his return, the following quatrain was published, in allusion to his name.

"*Question d' Etymologie.*
"Un bon Suisse que l'on ruine,
"Voudrait bien que l'on decidât;
"Si Rapinat vient de rapine,
"Ou rapine de Rapinat."

Barthelemi is also a member of the senate, and by far the most respectable of that body. During the great shocks of the revolution, he was absent on foreign missions, and conducted himself with uniform moderation and distinguished ability. He negotiated several important treaties abroad; and, on his return to Paris, was forced into the directorship, rather by the lustre of his character, than by any love for the situation. That character threw him among the number of the *deportés*, when Barras and his party acquired a preponderance. His escape from Cayenne must be familiar to most of our readers, by the work of Ramel. His early studies were pursued under the direction of his uncle, the celebrated author of the Travels of Anacharsis, who combined with so copious a variety of knowledge, and such exquisite taste, so much private virtue and social talent, as to render him the delight of his friends, and the ornament of his age. With an intellect and a heart formed upon this amiable model, the nephew has a similar exteriour; a tall and well proportioned frame; a physiognomy of the true antique, with a mingled expression of simplicity, of goodness, and of greatness, which seems to reflect the true character of a noble and elevated mind.

We find mentioned in these volumes an *abbé Fenelon*, a grand nephew of the celebrated archbishop of Cambray, from whose name virtue appears inseparable. In the decline of life, the abbé is said to have conceived the design of improving the condition, and correcting the vices of an unfortunate class of children, known in Paris under the appellation of *Petits Savoyards*. He laboured so assiduously for the accomplishment of his benevolent purpose, that he acquired the surname of their bishop. He was seen constantly surrounded by a little group, who appeared to listen to him with respect and admiration; and who, in a short time,

imbibed a strong affection for his person. He was seized and imprisoned in the Luxembourg, during the reign of terrour. As soon as the Savoyards heard of his imprisonment, they assembled, and proceeded in a body to the convention, to solicit his liberation; but without success. He was condemned as an *aristocrat* by the revolutionary tribunal, and executed at the age of eighty-one.

Our attention has been attracted by the name of *Desezé*, who pronounced the eloquent and powerful vindication of Louis XVI. before the convention. The reputation which he had acquired at the bar before the revolution, induced the monarch to call upon him, after the refusal of Target, to undertake his defence. He obeyed the call with enthusiasm; and, before he entered upon the performance of his task, made every necessary disposition for his own death; so sure was the fate which seemed to await all those who openly adhered to the interests of the throne. His discourse, written in the course of four nights, embraced, and triumphantly refuted, all the topicks of accusation preferred against his royal client. It contains some most pathetick appeals, and many bold strokes of eloquence. His enunciation is uncommonly fine, and was found every way suitable to the importrnce of his object. The interesting journal of Malesherbes states, that the peroration, as it originally stood, was of irresistible pathos. "When Desezé read it to us," says his venerable associate, "we could not refrain from shedding tears;" but the king remarked, that "it must be suppressed, as he did not wish to make an appeal to the passions."* The monarch, after his condemnation, asked Malesherbes, with visible emotion, what he could do to reward his advocate. This was reported to Desezé, who asked no other recompense than the honour of kissing his master's hand. The request was immediately granted; and, as he approached to bend the knee, Louis pressed forward, threw his arms about his neck, rested his head upon his shoulder, and sobbed bitterly for some time, exclaiming, "Mon pauvre Desezé!"

Desezé, soon after the execution of the sovereign, was thrown into an obscure prison, where he remained for a long period, apparently forgotten by those who had ordered his arrest. His wife, a woman of a most accomplished and vigorous mind, applied for his release to Barrere, on whom her husband had conferred some important benefits at his outset in life. Barrere shed tears when he was informed of the miseries of his benefactor; but commanded the wife to abstain from all further applications in favour of her husband, lest the attention of the revolutionary government should be drawn towards him; and after the lapse of a few months, had him secretly removed to a *Maison de Santé*, or a house for the reception of invalids and lunaticks. We know of no other favourable trait in the life of this furious and wily demagogue, who, after having so long governed the legislative assemblies of France, and occupied so much of the attention of mankind, has dwindled into absolute insignificance, and now drags out a solitary and sordid existence in Paris, contemned by the government, and shunned by all orders of men.* In

* There is one part of this speech which particularly deserves to be noticed as "*un beau mouvement.*" The orator casting his eyes indignantly around him, exclaimed: "Je cherche ici des juges; Je ne vois partout que des accusateurs."

* Since the establishment of the imperial despotism, he for some time edited, under the auspices of the police, a violent journal with the title of *Memorial Anti-Britannique.* Notwithstanding the sanguinary and infuriate conduct of this man during the revolution, there are few of more mild or fascinating manners, or whose conversation breathes purer and more indulgent sentiments of morality. He was remarkable for the inflation of his style, and unrivalled in the art of

this Maison de Santé, Desezé remained during the whole of the reign of terrour, secluded from publick notice, and occupied in the education of his children He ventured forth when the fury of the tempest was past; and it is thought rather remarkable in France, that, of a numerous family, not one fell under the axe of the guillotine. He exercises no employment under the government, but lives in a retired part of the capital, in the midst of a society of men, such as Morellet, Sicard, and some others, with whom any state of things would be tolerable. Malesherbes perished on the scaffold at the age of seventy. Target, who shrunk from the peril of defending his sovereign, and who, during the reign of terrour, acted as secretary of the revolutionary committee of his section, is now a judge of the tribunal of cassation, and a member of the legion of honour. Fronchet, who cooperated so nobly with Desezé, died in 1806, after having served as a senator under the new regime. Tronçon Ducoudray, who defended the queen, was *deported* to Cayenne, where he fell a victim to that destructive climate, facetiously styled the *dry guillotine* by the agents of the directory. On this fatal spot, about the same time, died also Billaud de Varennes, Bourdon de l'Oise, and many others of a character and principles so opposite to those of Ducoudray. There are few things, indeed, which can give us a more powerful impression of the atrocities of faction, or the indiscriminate mischiefs of revolution, than the singular group which the colony of Cayenne exhibited for some time; of refractory and apostate priests; of royalists and demagogues, brought together to encounter the same destiny on the same spot. The same instructive lesson was afforded in the prisons of Paris, where the executioner and his victim, the accuser and the accused, the leaders of a fallen party and their vindictive successours, often met on their passage to the same scaffold. It was truly and emphatically said by Danton, that the fraternity of these republicans was that of Cain; and that the tyrant crowned with the *bonnet rouge*, may be as relentless as he who wields the sceptre. Danton, Chaumette, Hebert and Robespierre, occupied successively the same dungeon in the Conciergerie. When Danton was going to the scaffold, he at first imprecated curses on Robespierre; but suddenly checking himself, exclaimed: "They are all alike; Brissot would have sent me to the guillotine as well as Robespierre." "Quod inter bonos amicitia," says Cicero, "inter malos factio est."

We observe by these volumes, that the fury of the revolutionary leaders was particularly directed against the farmers-general, who all perished, with the exception of a single individual, a M. de Verdun. Sixty of them were executed at one time, in consequence of a report of Dupin, a frantick member of the convention. The revolutionary tribunal adopted a general formula as the ground of their condemnation; which is curious as applied to *Lavoisier*, who was declared guilty of having "adulterated snuff with water and ingredients destructive of the health of the citizens." This chymist requested time to complete some experiments necessary for an important discovery in which he had been for some years engaged; and offered to lay down his life willingly when he had finished his task. The reply of Coffinhal, the president, was: "That the republick did not want savans or chymists, and that the course of justice could not be suspended. Nothing can be imagined more atrocious, and sometimes more ludicrous than the judgments of this horrible inquisition. We find instances, of a woman of ninety-two, both deaf and blind, condemned for *counter-revolutionary intentions*—of an

puffing the successes of the French arms, His exaggerations induced St. Just to remark to him, rather angrily, "Barrere, tu fais trop *mousser* nos victoires."

individual, for not paying his taxes through a spirit of royalty—of another, for declaiming against "the innocent and virtuous Robespierre," &c. *Camille*, *Desmoulins*, and *Danton* were condemned for intending to re-establish monarchy! and *Carrier*, for executing the famous noyades,* and shooting children of thirteen and fourteen years old, *with monarchical views*. We observe, that the writers of these volumes, after stating the condemnation of an individual, deem it altogether superfluous to add, that he was executed!

Anacharsis Cloots, the soi-disant orator of the *human race*, was conducted to the scaffold under the same pretext. This man was the nephew of *Paau*, the author of some well known works, and appears not to have been wholly destitute of talents. German metaphysicks and depraved morals contributed to render him one of the most wild, as well as one of the most original fanaticks of the revolution. The grave solemnity with which he was received by the national assembly, *on his embassy from the human race*, and the serious attention paid to his procession and insane harangues, would be fit subjects for derision, if they did not afford a sad proof of the melancholy condition of the times. His invectives against monarchy and religon are too gross and blasphemous to bear repetition. He encountered death with the utmost serenity; and on his way to the scaffold, lectured Hebert on materialism, "to prevent him," as he said, "from feeling any religious sentiments in his last moments." He also asked to be executed after his associates, "in order to have time to establish certain principles, while their heads were falling."

We are much struck with the account which is here given of the end of *Condorcet*. After having acted a prominent part in the first stages of the revolution, he was denounced by Chabot, in the year 1793, and compelled to take refuge at the house of a female acquaintance, with whom he remained until the following year; and in this interval, wrote his book on *The Progress of the Human Mind*. Forced to quit this asylum, in consequence of a decree which punished with death those who were convicted of harbouring outlaws, he left Paris, meanly dressed, and with the intention of putting himself under the protection of an old friend, *Suard*, who resided at Seaux. When he reached his dwelling, he found that Suard had gone to Paris; and the fugitive was necessitated to skulk for several nights among the quarries of the neighbourhood. Hunger at length drove him from his retreat, and led him to enter a small inn at Clamart. His long beard, his gaunt and haggard appearance; the agitation of his manner, and the voracity with which he ate, subjected him to suspicion; and he was accordingly arrested by a member of the revolutionary committee of the place. When brought before the committee, he called himself *Simon*, and stated that he had been a servant. But on being searched, a small copy of Horace was found in his pocket, with Latin notes pencilled on the margin. "You say that you were a domestick," said the peasant who interrogated him, "but

* The noyades were effected by drawing out a plug inserted in the bottom of the boats on which the wretched victims were launched. The genius of iniquity often displays itself in the same inventions. The learned reader will recollect, that when Nero was desirous of despatching his mother, and found himself at a loss for an expedient, Anicetus, a freed man, proposed to him, "the model of a ship upon a new construction, framed in such a manner that a part might be withdrawn, and the unsuspecting passenger committed to the waves." [*Tac. An. lib.* 14. *Ar.* 3.] Carrier is also said to have frequently practised the same refinement of cruelty, which Virgil in his 8th book of the Æneid, attributes to the tyrant Mezentius.

Mortua quinetiam jungebat corpora vivis,
Componens manibusque manus, atque oribus ora,
Tormenti genus! et, sanie taboque fluentes,
Complexu in misero, longa sic morte necabat.

I should rather suppose, that you are one of those *cidevant*, who had domesticks." The man sent him to Bourg la Reine on foot; but his strength failing before the end of the journey, his conductors mounted him on the horse of a labourer. On his arrival, he was thrown into a dungeon, and forgotten for twenty-four hours. At the end of that time, he was found lifeless and stiff by the person who was sent to supply him with bread and water. It was doubtful whether his death was produced by mere inanition, or occasioned by a strong poison which he always carried about him. Such was the exit of one who may be justly classed among the most original writers of his age, and who was surpassed by none of the illustrious body of literati to which he belonged, in the brilliancy of his genius, and the variety of his acquirements. Although author of that formidable phrase, *peace to the cottage, but war on palaces*,* his temper was mild and benevolent, and his morals are said to have been irreproachable. *Petion*, the celebrated mayor of Paris, an enthusiast of a much more criminal cast, experienced a similar fate. After being proscribed by Robespierre, he wandered over Brittany and the department of Girondy, and was at length found dead in a field, apparently through hunger. The miserable end of Bailly, the predecessor of Petion, is well known. He is said to have born a strong resemblance to lord Melville, *in person and face*.

Of the party of the Gironde, to whom Mad. Roland is so prodigal of her praise, but few appear to have survived. Barnave, Gaudet, Valagé, Vergniaud, were all swept away. Most of them were men of talents, and apparently of good intentions. There are some circumstances connected with the death of Vergniaud, which deserve to be mentioned as illustrative of the French character. *Fonfrede*, Gensonné, Ducos and Valagé, were confined in the Conciergerie along with him, and passed the night before their execution in a manner suitable to the character which each had received from nature. Fonfrede, although resigned to his fate, shed a tear, every now and then, at the recollection of his wife and children. Ducos made verses, enlivened his companions by sprightly sallies, and gravely proposed, that, while they still retained their quality of deputies, they should decree the indivisibility of their heads from their bodies, as they had decreed that of the republick. Valagé, unmoved and determined, was busy in contriving how he should despatch himself. Vergniaud threw away some poison which he had kept about him, declaring, that as he had not enough to share with his friends, he would not abandon them. He discoursed for a long time, with his usual eloquence, on revolutions and governments, and predicted the miseries which awaited his country. These volumes abound with similar instances of perfect *sang-froid*, of steady composure, and of careless gayety,* displayed by individuals of all parties, even at the foot of the scaffold. They furnish also numerous cases of deliberate suicide, of a singular nature.†

* Guerre aux chateaux, paix à la chaumière.

* When D'Esprénil was going to the scaffold, he was accompanied by Le Chapelier, well known as one of the best orators of the constituent assembly, and who was to be executed with him. Le Chapelier, as they were ascending the steps, observed to his companion, that they were to have a terrible problem to solve in their last moments. What is that? said the other. "To determine," was the reply, "to which of us the hisses of the populace are meant to be addressed."

† The royalists sometimes destroyed themselves through the fear of being massacred; and the republicans, in order to escape the guillotine. Most of the republican leaders habitually carried poison about them for this purpose. Montesquieu, in endeavouring to account for the frequency of suicide among the Romans, during their civil wars, among other

We have encountered various anecdotes of female heroism; two or three of which we shall cull out for our readers. The chiefs of La Vendée were attended, in the most bloody engagements, by several females, who ornamented their standards with chivalrous devices, and who, like the Camillas and Penthisileas of old, carried consternation and death into the enemy's rank. Among the number was a Madame La Rochefoucault, the mistress of Charette, who signalized herself on various occasions, and was at length taken prisoner, and executed. Another of these heroines, at the affair of Gesté, rallied the broken forces of the royalists, charged three times at their head, and was found covered with wounds on the field of battle. In the terrible battle of Mans, in which 10,000 republicans, and 20,000 Vendeans, are said to have perished, a young woman, armed with a helmet and a lance, and pursued by some soldiers, fell at the feet of the republican commander, general Marceau, and entreated him to protect her. He raised her up, bade her discard her fears, and, attracted by the beauty of her countenance, determined to save her if possible. A law, however, was then in force, which punished any republican with death who gave quarter to a Vendean taken in arms Marceau was denounced, and would have been executed, had it not been for the interference of Bourbotte, the deputy of the convention, whose life he had saved in the same engagement. Neither the authority of the deputy nor the tears of Marceau, could, however, wrest the fair prisoner from the hands of the executioner. There is something particularly interesting in the story of Cecile Renault, a beautiful woman, executed at the age of 20, for an alleged attempt to assassinate Robespierre. The distractions of the capital, and the tide of blood which rolled in the streets, appear to have disordered her fancy; but it is not clear that she really had the intention imputed to her. In May 1794, she called at the house of Robespierre, and requested to see him. On being refused, she replied, that he was a publick functionary, and should therefore be accessible to all. "When we had a king," she added, "there was no difficulty in seeing him. I would sacrifice my life to have another." When dragged before the revolutionary tribunal, two knives were found in her pocket; and she was therefore condemned. Her father was executed with her as an accomplice; and all her relations, friends, and acquaintance, involved in the same fate. More than sixty persons, whom she did not know, were sacrificed on the same account. One of these, a republican of the name of Admiral, jocosely remarked to her, as he was about to lay his head on the block: "Vous-vouliez voir un tyran? Vous n'aviez qu'à aller à la convention: vous en eussiez vu *de toutes les façons*." A similar instance of philosophy, or insensibility, is remarkable in the person of Lebon, a sans-culotte of the most ruffian cast. When, preparatory to his execution, they were about to invest him with the *chemise rouge*, the symbol of a murderous life, he returned it with affected gravity to the executioner, exclaiming: "Ce n'est pas moi qui dois l'endosser; il faut l'envoyer à la convention dont je n'ai fait qu'executer les ordres."

The most famous, perhaps, of these heroines was *Madame Roland*, who has left, in her Memoirs, the most lively and striking picture of

causes, enumerates the influence of passion. To this may be added, with regard to the republicans of France, their religious maxims, similar in their effects to the principles of the Stoicks, which prevailed among the Romans. Most of the republicans had selected, as a motto, the lines of Voltaire in Merope.

"Quand on a tout perdu, quand on n'a plus d'espoir,
La vie est un opprobre, et la mort un devoir."

the revolution that has ever fallen into our hands, and the most eloquent delineation of those feelings and principles by which the virtuous part of its agents were guided. It is needless to repeat any part of what is to be found in a work so popular. We may only mention, that after her incarceration in the Abbaye, in 1792, the section of Paris in which she resided, petitioned for her liberation; but this application, and her own letters to the assembly, were equally unavailing. She was transferred to the *Conciergerie;* and on the 8th of November 1794, condemned to death by the revolutionary tribunal, for having conspired *against the unity and indivisibility of the republick!* She displayed the most unshaken courage on the scaffold, which she mounted with a marked expression of disdain and dignity in her countenance. It may be observed that the same fortitude was evinced by all the females who perished in the same way, with the single exception of Madame Dubarry, whose deplorable weakness, at the moment of her execution, was strikingly contrasted with the tenour of her life. Madame Roland, in crossing the Place de la Revolution, on her way to the scaffold, bowed her head before the statue of Liberty, which stood there, and uttered an indignant exclamation concerning the abuse of the name. She predicted, when about to die, that her husband would not survive her loss; a prediction which was speedily verified. He had been proscribed in the month of May, and had taken refuge in the house of a friend at Rouen; but as soon as he heard of her execution, he resolved upon destroying himself. He quitted his asylum, took the road leading to Paris; and the next morning was found seated by the side of it, with his back against a tree, and mortally wounded with a sword cane, which he usually carried with him. A note was found beside him, in which he declared, that the death of his wife had left him without any further consolation on earth.

We dare not trespass on the patience of our readers by any more of these distressing details. We close these volumes with feelings of humiliation and almost of despondency. When we think what has been, and what is, in France, we are afraid to look forward to what is to be; and if our principles did not forbid us ever to despair of the fortunes of the human race, we should be glad to turn away our eyes for ever from the fearful spectacle of triumphant guilt, baffled genius, and insulted virtue. We cling steadily, however, to the faith, that the seeds of future happiness are sowing in the midst of this scene of apparent desolation; and that the plough and the harrow which are now deforming the surface, and tearing up the roots of European society, are only preparing the soil for a new and more abundant harvest of permanent enjoyment.

SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

ACCOUNT OF THE LATE MARQUIS D'ARGENS.

THE marquis D'Argens was one of those literary characters of the last century, who have rendered themselves more remarkable than illustrious by their opinions, their adventures, and the reputation of their works.

Like Saint Evremond, the marquis D'Argens passed one part of his life in gallantry, and the other at the court of a prince, and in the circle of the great world. But the former possessed talents, and a rank in society, above the latter. Some fragments of St. Evremond, such as, for instance, "Considerations on the Roman People," evince a taste and genius, not to be found in the author of the "Philosophy of good Sense," or the "Jewish Letters."

The writings of the marquis D'Argens are not, however, without considerable merit. They had a rapid circulation. They were read with great avidity; and in that they resembled those of St. Evremond; but posterity will find less to preserve in the one than in the other.

The first years of the life of Saint Evremond are unknown; at least, even to the present day, we have no authentick account of them. The marquis D'Argens wrote the Memoirs of his Life, which are read with pleasure; contain many pointed facts; and the narrative pleases, notwithstanding some apparent negligences of the style, and some of those inconsiderate reflections, which, at that time, were termed "philosophical," though, to speak more correctly, they should be called those of a young man.

He commences at that period when the passions are in full force and vigour; for it is by the influence of one of the most powerful that he enters on his subject, without acquainting us with the place of his birth, or the condition of his parents.

Information, however, collected since, supplied that deficiency. He was born at Aix, in Provence, in 1704, being the son of M. Boyer, marquis D'Argens, procureur general of the parliament of that city. It was natural that his father, who held one of the first situations in the magistracy, should intend him for this his honourable profession; but the ardour of youth, an impatience to be employed, and the idea that the military line afforded him greater opportunities for pleasure, made him prefer the profession of arms, into which he entered when he was scarcely fifteen years old. He at first served in the marines, and then in the regiment of Richelieu, after having been received as a knight of Malta; but he soon forgot the state he had embraced; and his amours with the handsome Sylvia, whose history he gives in his memoirs, contributed not a little to effect it.

The petulance and impetuosity of his youth were subjects of much discontent and unhappiness to his father, who, in the end, disinherited him; but Monsieur D'Eguilles, his younger brother, president of the parliament of Aix, annulled the deed of inheritance, by making an equal division of the property, and by adopting a natural daughter of the marquis, and restoring her to the name

and rights she derived from her father. At first he would by no means consent to this arrangement, fearful of doing what might displease the family; but the reasons and the principles of justice, which the magistrate advanced, soon found their way to his heart, and mademoiselle Mina became marchioness D'Argens.

On his return from a journey to Spain, where he left his mistress Sylvia, he became reconciled to his family; but he soon left France, and departed for Constantinople along with Mons. D'Andreselle, ambassadour to the Ottoman Porte, of whom he speaks in his memoirs. A judgment may be formed of his character and of his conduct in that city, by the following anecdote, which was furnished by Mr. Thiebault in his "Recollections"

"On his arrival at Constantinople," says this writer, "he conceived the design of witnessing the ceremonies used in the mosques. Nothing could dissuade him from undertaking this dangerous enterprise in which, if he had been discovered or betrayed, he would only have escaped the scaffold or the bow-string, by assuming the turban, or, in other words, becoming mussulman. He applied to the Turk who kept the keys of the mosque of Santa Sophia, and by dint of bribery succeeded in gaining him to his purpose. It was agreed between them, at the next great day of publick worship, the infidel should introduce the Christian in great secrecy by night, and that he should conceal him behind a painting which was placed, a long time back, at the bottom of a tribune, which was in front of the gate. The marquis would be the safer in this place as it was seldom opened; and, besides, it was situated at the west end of the mosque, and the Mahomedans always, in their prayers, face to Mecca, which lies east of Constantinople, and never turn their heads without giving cause for scandal; a point on which they are so scrupulous, that they never turn when they quit the mosques; but always go backward to the gate.

"The marquis D'Argens, seated at his ease, beheld the whole of the ceremonies of the Turkish religion: yet he gave frequent cause of alarm to his guide. Almost every minute he quitted his hiding place, and advanced to the middle of the tribune, in order that he might have a better view of what was passing in the mosque. Then the poor Turk, who knew he ran no less a risk than that of being impaled alive, entreated him, by the most expressive signs and gestures, to retire quickly behind his picture. The terrour of the man was a subject of the highest amusement to the knight of Malta, who played the more upon his fears.

"But they were a hundred-fold, if possible, increased, when he took a flask of wine and a piece of ham from his pocket, and offered him a share of both. The disciple of Mahomed was in absolute despair; but what could he do? He must bear all in order to conceal his guilt, and save himself from punishment. The marquis threatened him; and the Turk was compelled to drink of the wine and eat of the ham, and thus profane himself, his religion, and the mosque. The miserable man was for some instants like one petrified. He thought he beheld the avenging arm of the prophet raised above his head. By degrees, however, he became more calm. He even began to be familiar with his guilt; and when the devotees had all left the mosque, and he saw himself alone with the Christian dog, they finished their breakfast with a good grace, laughed at the danger they had run, and parted most excellent friends."

The marquis D'Argens, in his memoirs, exposes with great candour the adventures of his journey, and the motive which induced him to return to France. His father anxiously wished him to study the law; but the ardent character of the young man could not be persuaded by his

sage advice. He again re-entered the service, and in 1733 he was appointed to the cavalry. He was at the siege of Kehl, where he was slightly wounded. In 1734, after the siege of Philipsburg, he got a fall from his horse, which so disabled him, that he was never able to mount afterwards, and he was obliged, in consequence, to renounce the service.

It appears, that it was at the time of his refusal to embrace the profession his father wished him, when he returned from Constantinople, that his father disinherited him, not being able, owing to the smallness of his fortune, to sustain with credit the expensive life his son led.

He was compelled, when he retired from the service, to go to Holland to seek resources from his pen. The liberty of the press, which then existed in that country, allowed him to make choice of any subject his fancy suggested. He published successively, the "Jewish, Chinese, and Cabalistick Letters." They were admired, and brought him some money; most of them turning on subjects of morality, politicks, manners, religious customs and ceremonies, and the events of nations. The lively manner in which they were written, the boldness of some of the ideas, and the singularity of the style caused them to be much read, and generally approved.

The "Jewish Letters," in particular, gained him a very high reputation. The king of Prussia, then prince royal, read them, and wished to become acquainted with the author. He was even anxious to attach him to his service, hoping, by that means, to draw him out of the unpleasant state his youth had thrown him into. He wrote to him, and made him the most honourable offers; every thing seemed to assure him that the marquis would accept them with eagerness, as he chiefly proposed that they should live as friends, and study philosophy together. His answer, however, was not such as was expected. After expressing his grateful sense of the honour of the attention, he adds: "Deign, your highness, to consider, that in order to be an attendant on your person, I must be always in view of three battalions of guards, quartered at Potzdam. Can I, therefore, venture without danger? I am only five feet seven inches high, and but indifferently made."

It would not probably have been very politick or agreeable for the marquis D'Argens, then not more than thirty years old, to settle in Prussia; and so near the residence of Frederick William, father of him to whom he wrote.

This monarch was a man of harsh, unpleasant manners, an enemy to literature, whose sole glory and pride consisted in having in his army the tallest and handsomest soldiers in Europe, and immense treasures in his coffers.

"Frederick William," says Voltaire, "was a complete Vandal, who, during the whole course of his reign, had no other object in view than amassing sums, and supporting at the least possible expense the finest troops in Europe. Never were subjects poorer than his: never was a king richer. Turkey is a republick in comparison with the despotism which Frederick William exercised. It was by this he succeeded in collecting in the cellars of his palace a sum exceeding eighty millions, contained in barrels hooped with iron.

"This king usually went from his palace on foot, in a shabby old blue coat with copper buttons, which reached half way down his thighs; and whenever he ordered a new one, he had his old buttons put on it. In this dress his majesty, with a large serjeant's cane, every day inspected his regiment of giants. This regiment was his hobby horse, and his greatest expense. The front rank was composed of men of seven feet high. He had them collected from all parts of Europe, and of Asia. I saw several of them even after his death.

"When Frederick William finished his review, he usually took a walk through the city. Every person fled at his approach. If he happened to meet a woman, he asked her why she wasted her time in the streets: 'Go home, go home, you lazy beggar; an honest woman should be employed about her house.' He generally accompanied his advice with a good slap on the face, a kick, or else a blow of his cane. In the same manner he treated the ministers of the gospel, when he happened, occasionally, to see them on the parade.

"One may easily judge," continues Voltaire, "that a savage like this would be both astonished and chagrined, at having a son possessed of strong understanding, a bright genius, politeness, and a desire to please, and who sought to improve his mind, and study musick and poetry. If he saw a book in the hands of the hereditary prince, he threw it in the fire; if the prince amused himself with his flute, the father broke it; and sometimes treated his royal highness as he did the ladies, and the clergymen on parade.

"The prince, completely sick of his father's treatment, resolved one day, in the year 1730, to leave him, uncertain whether he should go to France or England. The rigid economy of the father would not allow him to travel otherwise than as the son of a farmer-general, or an English merchant. He borrowed a few hundred ducats. Two young men of amiable character were to be his companions. Kat was the only son of a brave general officer, and Kiel was a near relation of a baroness Kniphausen, whom Frederick William condemned in a fine of thirty thousand francs, for having a child when a widow. The day and hour of their departure were fixed; the father was informed of every circumstance; the prince and his two companions were arrested. At first the father took it into his head, that his daughter. Wilhelmina, who afterwards married the margrave of Bareuth, was privy to the plot; and, as his justice was executed in a very summary way, he kicked her through a window which opened down to the floor. The queen mother, who came into the room just as her daughter Wilhelmina was on the point of falling out, with much difficulty held her by her clothes. The princess received a contusion just above the left breast, the mark of which she carried to her grave."

The prince had a sort of mistress, daughter of a schoolmaster of the town of Brandenburg, settled in Potzdam. She played a little on the harpsichord. The prince royal accompanied her on the flute. He fancied himself in love with her. However, fancy or not, the father had her led round the streets of Potzdam, followed by two common executioners, who flogged her before his son's eyes.

"After he had regaled himself with this spectacle, he had her conveyed to the citadel of Custrin, situated in the middle of a morass. There she was shut up in a sort of dungeon for six months, without any attendant, and at the expiration of that time, they gave her a soldier to wait upon her.

"The prince had been some weeks confined in this same castle of Custrin, when one day an old officer, followed by four grenadiers, entered the room, his eyes filled with tears. Frederick had no doubt but they came to put an end to him; but the officer, still weeping, made a sign, on which the four grenadiers placed him at a window, and held his head to it, while he saw that of his friend Kat taken off, upon a scaffold erected directly opposite the window. He held out his hand towards Kat, and fainted. The father was present at this spectacle, as well as at the punishment of the girl."

It is easy to see that the marquis D'Argens had very solid reasons for not going to Prussia, under the go-

vernment of such a prince. From the warmth and impetuosity of his character, he would most probably have lost either his liberty or his life.

But when Frederick the Second ascended the throne, in 1740, matters were changed, and the same dread ceased to exist. The new monarch wrote immediately to the young marquis: "No longer, my dear marquis, be afraid of the battalions of guards—come, and brave them even on the parade at Potzdam."

When he received this letter, he was at Stutgard, in the service of the dutchess dowager of Wirtemberg. She had a wish to visit Berlin, and see Frederick. The opportunity being favourable, they set out together.

The king received him, says Mons. Thiebault, in the most flattering manner. He invited him to dinner every day. Their conversation was lively and agreeable. Nothing in appearance was more flattering, or more likely to satisfy the wishes, and flatter the ambition of a philosopher. But weeks rolled on, and no mention was made of fulfilling the promises which had led the new guest from a situation less brilliant, but sufficient for his wants.

The marquis having vainly endeavoured to discover the cause of this neglect, and having waited six weeks, lost all patience; and, on returning home one day immediately after dinner, he sent a note to the king, couched in the following terms:

"Sire! For six weeks that I have had the honour to be near your majesty, my purse has suffered so rigorous a blockade, that if you gain so many battles, and take so many fortresses, and do not speedily come to its assistance, I shall be obliged to capitulate, and recross the Rhine within a week." The king had his friend Jordan with him when the note was brought to him. "See here," said he, "what that fool D'Argens has written; he wishes to leave us. Jordan esteemed the marquis, and for that reason said to his master, after having read the note: "I know the Provençals, and their impatience; but I particularly know the marquis; while uneasiness torments him, and his mind is at a stand, he will never rest, and after having threatened to take his departure within eight days, he will be off in two or three days at the furthest." The king was alarmed lest Jordan should have prophesied too truly, and he returned these few words in answer to his note. "Be satisfied, my dear marquis: your fate shall be decided to morrow by dinner-time." And, in fact, the next morning, the marquis, on his arrival at the palace, received the key of office as chamberlain, with a salary of six thousand francs, and was also appointed director of the class of belles-lettres of the royal academy, which gave him an additional annual increase of eight hundred francs.

This generosity, on the part of Frederick, soon changed the resolution of the marquis. He settled at Berlin. He cultivated literature and the friendship of the great prince, who so well knew how to reward those who made it their occupation. He was constantly one of the king's social and private parties.

At first, Algarotti, Voltaire, and Maupertuis, were the principal favourites of Frederick. The sprightly character and instruction of the former highly pleased the prince. Voltaire captivated him by the brilliancy of his conversation, his pointed sallies, and the greatness of his talents. Maupertuis was in the habit of treating on subjects of profound learning and science. He was in some measure the minister of this party. He directed the academy, and informed the king of every valuable work of every description of science which came out. The marquis D'Argens did not possess talents equal to any of those three; but his good nature, his pleasantry, and his wit, made him highly esteemed: to the pointed man-

ners of high life, the marquis added a facility of character, and a Provençal vivacity, which made his conversation very *piquant* and amusing. His writings, known throughout all Europe, which were both agreeable and instructive, were a strong title to Frederick's favour. The originality and eccentricity of his conduct, of which we shall give more than one instance, never lessened the esteem the king conceived for him, although he was more than once the object of his pleasantry and sarcasm.

It was chiefly at the supper parties of Frederick, that he assembled these literary characters, and where those scenes of gayety and wit passed, which, for near thirty years were the objects of the attention, and sometimes the satire, of the rest of Europe. They bore no resemblance to the orgies of the regent of France. There was more real wit, a varied conversation, and obscenity and impiety were particularly banished; but the freedom of discourse was sometimes carried too far, as at the suppers of the duke of Orleans, so much so as to become displeasing to the master.

In one of these supper parties, said M. Thiebault, which even till the Seven Years' War were often prolonged to a very late hour, Frederick asked each of his companions, how he would govern if he were a king. There was a lively argument between them, in order for each to establish his different maxims. The marquis, however, listened, and said nothing. The king at last observed his silence, and asked him, what would he do were he in his place? "Sire," answered the marquis, "I would immediately sell my kingdom, and purchase a good estate in France." This pleasantry, by means of which he escaped the ridicule of advancing and supporting any misplaced doctrine, obtained the king's approbation, and put an end to the discussion. It was after some disputes of a similar nature, that Frederick, in a moment of spleen or ill nature, wrote, that if he wanted to punish a province, he would send philosophers to govern it.

During the Seven Years' War, that is, from 756 to 1763, when Frederick beheld his dominions invaded and taken from him by the Russians, the Austrians, and the French, and that no hopes of safety remained, it was to the marquis D'Argens that he imparted the design he had formed of putting an end to his existence.

It was on this occasion that he addressed a long epistle in verse to the marquis D'Argens on this subject, the misfortunes of his life, and the principles of stoicism. However trifling this resolution may appear, and however singular the manner which Frederick made use of, to disclose it to one of his courtiers, it results, however, from it, that the marquis D'Argens held a most distinguished place in the esteem of the prince; since it was to him that he addressed himself, in the agony of his soul.

The happy events, which so quickly succeeded, drew Frederick out of his embarrassment, and the necessity of putting his resolution into practice, by compelling his enemies to enter into conditions of peace, which secured to him his dominions.

But whatever opinion the marquis D'Argens had upon the strange confidence the monarch placed in him, he was really alarmed. He delayed not a minute in answering him, and made use of every thing, which men who neither believe in God, in the immortality of the soul, nor in any species of revelation, could make use of, under similar circumstances, to induce him to alter his determination.

There was a company of dancers at Berlin, whom the king had always engaged for the opera. The family of Cochois was among the number. The father and mother died, and the two daughters remained at that theatre. The marquis, whose fate seemed to be to attach himself to females

of this description, when he was almost sixty years old, became in love with the eldest of these two sisters. She was rather plain than handsome, about five and twenty, of an excellent understanding, and endowed with considerable talents. She drew very well, and was an excellent musician. Besides French, she knew the German, Italian, and Latin languages, as well as a woman had occasion to do, and even a little Greek, which she learned out of complaisance to the marquis. Her character was mild, and of a thinking turn. She had the art of uniting, under the appearance of the greatest simplicity, all those attentions which please so well, and conciliate esteem. M. Thiebault has furnished this account of her.

The marquis, after having paid his addresses to her for some time, married her. The marriage took place during the course of the Seven Years' War, and without the king's knowledge. That was one of the causes that lessened the friendship of Frederick for him. They knew it would displease the king; consequently were much embarrassed in making the declaration. They waited till peace was concluded, and then held a meeting of all those who belonged to the philosophical society of Sans Souci. After a long consultation upon the best mode of acquainting the king with what had happened, it was agreed that the marchioness D'Argens should walk in the gardens of Sans Souci, at the hour when the monarch was accustomed to take the air; that her dress should be such as might attract attention, but plain and elegant; and that lord Mareschal should settle the rest. This plan was followed. This lord, who generally accompanied Frederick in his walks, in passing by one of the alleys, a short distance from the marchioness, saluted her, as a lady of his acquaintance, with much respect. This salute gave occasion to the king to inquire who the lady was? My lord Mareschal answered, in a careless, negligent way, that she was the marchioness D'Argens. "What!" replied the king, in a severe tone, "is the marquis married?" "Yes, sire." "How long?" "Some years, my liege." "Eh! what? without acquainting me?" "It was during the war, and he would not venture to trouble you on such a trifling matter." "And whom did he marry?" "Mademoiselle Cochois!" "'Tis a folly I shall not suffer."

The king after some time grew calm; but the marquis was a considerable time without seeing him; and, even afterwards, when their intimacy was resumed as before, Frederick never spoke to him of his wife.

Not but that the king knew well that he lived with Mademoiselle Cochois. The marquis had taken her with him in the journey he made to France in 1747. And it appears by his correspondence, that he frequently mentioned her to the king, who was afraid she would not return in time to perform in the opera at Berlin, as he wished her.

D'Argens possessed that lively wit, and the vivacity so natural to his countrymen, the Provençals, which always raised a laugh. He often uttered his jests in such a style of *naïveté*, as afforded the king ample matter; for he was fond of relating the adventures of his youth, and the anecdotes of his life, with which he instructed Europe, though he did not edify it, in the memoirs which he wrote.

He had frequently some little whims, which, added to the assiduity which detained him near Mademoiselle Cochois, made him absent himself from the king, who wished to see the men of genius at his supper table, as exact, and with the same regularity, as the secretaries of the different departments came to their offices in the morning.

Having once asked the marquis, why he had not seen him for some

days, he excused himself by saying, he had been unwell. The king knew to the contrary, and resolved to be revenged of him.

Mademoiselle Cochois had made a present to the marquis of a very fine morning loose dressing-gown, or wrapper. This was before their marriage. Delighted with this present, he put it on immediately, and found it so much to his taste, that he did not put it off the whole evening. The king, however, sent to let him know he expected him to supper. The same answer was returned, that he was ill.

The monarch, in order to disturb the felicity of the marquis's little party, took it into his head to send him word, that having heard of his ill state of health, fearful of the fatal consequences of so dangerous a disorder as that with which he was attacked, and anxious he should die like a good Christian, he had commanded two catholick priests to administer the sacrament of extreme unction to him, and that they would visit him that very evening to fulfil this pious duty. The marquis knew not what to think of this intimation. He well knew the king was capable of giving similar orders to the catholick priests; but he doubted much whether he would dare to be guilty of such a scandal within the walls of his own palace. The most essential thing for him was, to make it appear as if he were really ill. He, therefore, wrapped up his head, and counterfeited the appearance of a man quite unwell.

The king covered himself with a surplice and a stole, put two or three persons who were in his confidence, into black cloaks, and the whole party descended in a solemn procession, as if they were bearing extreme unction to the marquis, whose apartments were below the king's. The person who went first carried a small bell, which was heard in all the apartments, as soon as they got upon the staircase. No one had any doubt, but that it was the sacrament going to a person dangerously ill. La Pierre, the marquis's servant, went to see the procession, and soon saw what it was. In order not to be found out, and consequently pass for a liar, the pretended sick man hastened to get into bed without undressing, or even taking off his fine dressing gown with gold flowers. The procession immediately after entered the chamber in a slow and solemn manner, and ranged themselves in order before the bed. The king, who closed the procession, placed himself in the middle of the circle; and addressing the marquis, telling him, that the church, always a tender mother, and full of anxiety for her children, had sent him that assistance the most proper to fortify him in the critical situation in which he was placed. He exhorted him strenuously to resign himself; and then raising the counterpane of the bed, he poured a whole flask of sweet oil over the fine dressing-gown, telling his dying brother, that this emblem of grace would infallibly give him faith and courage, necessary to pass in a proper manner from this world to the next. After which the procession retired in the same grave and solemn manner as it entered.

It is by no means difficult to conceive what amusement this scene afforded to the whole court, and at the marquis's expense; but what afflicted him the most was the loss of the dressing gown, which, by this farce, was so completely soiled as not to be fit to wear again. The marchioness had no idea of such a complete and holy mystery; but Frederick had already played several such pranks, in which the marquis himself had born no inconsiderable part, and which made him fully acquainted with what he had to expect from him on similar occasions.

D'Argens passed much of his time in reading ancient books and authors, particularly the holy fathers, from which he made several extracts,

which he applied to the subjects he treated of, either in his writings or conversation.

M. de Nicolai relates an anecdote on this subject, which deserves a place here.

The king was fond of contradicting him on his taste for this species of erudition; he used frequently to say to him: "Do not talk to me of your fathers; they are bodies without souls." When he allotted him apartments in the new palace of Sans Souci he himself conducted the marquis and his lady, and pointed out to them their agreeable situation and their convenience. He had given orders to have a handsome bookcase, where, on folios handsomely bound, appeared in large letters—'The works of the Holy Fathers." "Here marquis," said the king, as they entered the room, "you will find here your good friends in all their glory." When they got to the bed-chamber—"It would be wrong," said he, "to stay here long; we must not disturb the marquis, but leave him to his ease and his night cap." So saying he withdrew.

The king had no sooner retired, than the marquis, in eager haste, flew to the bookcase to examine the works with which it was filled. He quickly opened one of the volumes of the "Holy Fathers;" but in place of the homilies of St. Chrysostom, he found nothing but blank paper; and the same was the case with all the rest.

The king amused himself much by playing similar tricks on the marquis. We shall relate another, more pointed than the preceding one, and which was a subject of great mortification to the marquis.

One evening that he was at supper with Frederick, that prince said to him: "Marquis, I have made a purchase for you near this, of a very neat house and garden—here is the deed, you may take possession of it when you please." The marquis was not insensible to this mark of favour; he returned home full of impatience, and anxiously wished the night were over, that he might go and take a view of this new acquisition. Next morning, notwithstanding his laziness, he rose very early, and was driven to his new mansion. He ran over the garden, examined the apartments, found every thing charming, and in the neatest taste. He went into the saloon, which was a very handsome room, and full of pictures: but what was his astonishment, when, on looking at them, instead of landscapes, battle, or sea-pieces, he beheld the most humourous scenes, and most comick anecdotes of his life.

Here, the marquis, as an officer, found himself drawn at the siege of Philipsburg, and expressing strong symptoms of fear: there he was on his knees to his handsome comedian. A little further, his father disinherited him. Another painting represented him at Constantinople. In another, a surgeon was seen performing an operation, which his adventures of gallantry had rendered necessary. Again, nuns were seen pulling him up by night in a basket through the window of their convent. In all these pictures the marquis, who was easily recognised, was represented in the most ludicrous and comick attitudes.

This unexpected spectacle put him into the most violent rage. He examined them all, and then sent for a house painter, and made him efface them.

The king, informed of this scene, was highly delighted with it, and related it to every one who would have patience to hear it.

In spite, however, of these species of warfare, which the monarch carried on, and the sarcastick jokes he passed upon his lazy habits, and his imaginary illness, still he loved him not the less. He one day wished to give him a fresh proof by augmenting the pension he had settled on him; but D'Argens answered him in pre-

sence of several persons : "Sire, I have enough. Your majesty has many poor but deserving officers ; let it be given to them." The king, charmed with this honourable and disinterested reply, esteemed him the more, without, however, ceasing from time to time to joke with and play tricks on him.

The marquis, on his part, appeared to be attached to the king as much if not more, than to any of the wits who were about the court.

One of the most singular traits in the character of D'Argens, was that mixture of superstition and incredulity so remarkable in him, and which appeared in a thousand different circumstances. He believed most firmly in predestination, and the knowledge of future events. A salt-cellar overturned ; a sudden meeting with an old woman ; a herd of hogs ; or a man dressed in black ; was enough to fill him with alarm and uneasiness. As soon as ever he got out of bed, he drew the curtains close with great care, and wo to whoever opened them, either by accident or otherwise : it was a presage of the most fearful nature.

He was no less alarmed at the appearance of a cold or cough ; always ill through the fear of being so, and dreading death to such a degree, that he nearly died through the apprehension of it. Those who speak of him, all agree in relating the same weaknesses, and attesting his state of hypochondriack. Nothing was more easy than to make him believe he was ill ; and if he was only told that he looked pale, no more was wanting to make him shut himself up in his room, and go to bed directly. He never went out of it, but when he went to visit the king. When he was in his bedchamber, two or three loose morning gowns heaped on each other, kept out the cold ; a cotton night cap covered his ears ; and over that was a thick woollen one which completed his head-dress. If a few passing clouds, a slight rain, or a wind rather cold, or more violent than usual, were seen or felt, it was enough to chagrin him, and put him in a melancholy humour ; to compel him to remain at home, and to resist even the pressing invitations of the king. He has been known to have remained thus immured for whole weeks together, from similar causes.

M. de Nicolai has furnished us with another example of his laughable susceptibility, and of his ridiculous extravagant whims, in a like fact.

During the seven years' war, the king had permitted him to reside at Sans Souci, and had given orders, that all the apartments of the palace should be open to him, as freely as if they were his own. Just about this time, Cothenius read a treatise at the academy, upon the danger of using copper utensils in kitchens. The marquis was so struck with this treatise, that he was fearful every hour of being poisoned ; could talk of nothing else every time he sat down to table, and made his wife promise most solemnly to banish every sort of copper utensil from her kitchen.

The family of the marquis (continues M de Nicolai) lived at Sans Souci in a very retired manner ; and his wife, though a reasonable woman enough, loved amusement. One evening she took a fancy to give a little family dance at the house of the king's head gardener. The marquis gave his consent ; but as they dreaded that his singularities might disturb the entertainment, they took great care to remark to him that the air was very cold, and that the sky was lowering. They were well aware that an observation of that kind was sufficient to make him believe he was taken ill, and induce him to take to his bed immediately. This was exactly the case ; and they went directly to the gardener's house, full sure that the marquis would soon be fast asleep. He very soon was so ; but before long

he awoke, his thoughts, sleeping as well as waking, being fixed on copper and on poison, and loudly called for La Pierre; but no one answered him; all were at the ball. He recollected this, and was not sorry for it; but finding himself alone in the house, he took advantage of the circumstance to pay a visit to the kitchen at his ease, and to see if every article of copper was banished from it, as they had promised him it should be. He got up, and, without putting on his small-clothes, wrapt himself up in a robe de chambre, and having lighted a wax taper at his night-lamp, he went straight to the kitchen. The first things that met his eyes were some copper sauce-pans; and to complete his terrour, one of them contained the remains of a ragout off which he had dined. Rage immediately got full possession of him; he took up the stew-pan, and, just as he was, ran to the place where the entertainment was given, to scold his wife and servants. He was obliged to descend by a terrace, and cross the garden, which was tolerably large, in order to reach the gardener's house. The marquis effected his purpose in the dark with great celerity. He suddenly opened the door of the ballroom, and the marquis, to their utter astonishment, appeared in his night-gown, bare-footed (for he had lost his slippers) and two or three night-caps on his head, his shirt blowing about at the pleasure of the wind, holding in his hand the stew-pan with the fragments of the ragout, and crying out: "I am poisoned! I am poisoned!" He then broke out in reproaches against his wife, and threatened his servants to discharge them all, for having used copper stew-pans, contrary to his orders. They had much difficulty in appeasing him; but reflecting suddenly on the situation in which he was, and the danger he ran in being exposed almost naked to the cold night air, he again relapsed into passion. However, they wrapped him up warm, and at last succeeded in getting him to his apartments.

These incidents afforded Frederick a great subject for amusement, but without lessening any of the esteem he had for the marquis; they merely weakened the consideration with which he had at first inspired him. The scrupulous and habitual superstition which he remarked in him, still added to the discredit of the philosopher, in the opinion of the king.

M. Thiebault has preserved some traits of this last kind of weakness in the marquis. They deserve to be related here, since they confirm what we have already said, and will be an example of the strange, if not ridiculous contradictions of men of learning of that day, employed during the whole of their lives in combating superstition, or what they were pleased to call so; descanting upon matters which no person regarded, they have been frequently seen, towards the conclusion of their lives, to possess the weakness of old women, and to die with all the signs of a tardy conversion.

The second cause of the discredit into which the marquis fell (says M. Thiebault) was his own weakness and folly, and particularly on the subject of superstition. He had such a dread of death, that the very idea of being threatened with it could make him be guilty of the most ridiculous extravagance. Owing to this disposition it was, that, having heard, that the water of those who approached the conclusion of their existence turned black in four-and-twenty hours, he was a long time in the habit of keeping his own in glasses, which he examined frequently in the day, till some people, who were let into the secret of this weakness, discovered the depot, and privately mixed ink with it. This so dreadfully alarmed him, that they were obliged to confess the trick they had played upon him, in order to save him from a serious illness.

The marquis had made an agree-

ment with the king, that, as soon as he should have completed his sixtieth year, he should have his full dismissal, and be permitted to retire to France. This hour was waited for with great impatience, because the king was not in a humour to let him go a third time; and it was only by using a considerable degree of address, and promising to return at the end of six months, that he permitted the marquis to depart, as will be seen hereafter.

He was the more impatient to return to his own country, as since the journey he undertook in 1763, his brother had ceded to him some land he wished for, at Eguilles, of which he was the lord, to build a house and make a garden. The plan of both one and the other was settled between the brothers, and they immediately began their labours. In 1766 all was finished; the house quite ready, the gardens planted and in good order, entirely owing to the care of Monsieur de Eguilles, his brother, president of the parliament of Aix.

The clock at last struck—the marquis had attained his sixtieth year. For a long time no mention had been made of the agreement: whatever address the courtier employed to recall the idea of it to his recollection, the monarch always expressed a disinclination to enter on the subject. He could not recur to it without exposing himself to cruel reproaches, or to mortifications more cruel still.

In 1768, he renewed his entreaties, and imagining that the king might not, perhaps, like him to take away the original letters which that prince had written to him, he sent them to him, ranged in chronological order, and accompanied them by the following letter:

"Sire! I have kept till this moment a precious pledge of the confidence with which your majesty honoured me. I give them into your hands, because I do not think it right to take them with me into a strange country. My continued ill health, and a complication of disorders, put it out of my power any longer to be useful to your majesty; and I am convinced that, under a milder climate, my infirmities might be born. I therefore entreat your majesty to grant me my dismissal, assuring you, at the same time, that my heart shall be eternally devoted to you."

The marquis obtained permission to pass six months in Provence, and set off in 1769, on the express condition of returning at the appointed time; at the same time he received the packet of original letters, which the king returned to him, assuring him that he possessed his entire confidence, and that consequently he neither could nor would keep the letters. The marquis, however, would not take them with him, but left them in the charge of one of his most particular friends.

It appears, that the king was much displeased at his departure, and that he even refused to see the marquis. In vain several persons endeavoured to persuade him, that the marquis would return. He would not believe them. He was indignant, that a man whom he had loaded with his benefits, should quit him for such trifling causes, and which in no way diminished the proofs of his attachment and esteem; but the marquis had very good reasons to give on his side likewise; to pass the remainder of his days under a milder climate, and near a brother, to whom he was attached by strong ties of affection.

He had, however, other motives for discontent, which he was anxious that the king should know without loss of time. Scarcely had he arrived at Dijon, when he wrote him a very bold letter, such as no one who had ever any disagreement with Frederick, would have ventured to address to him. In order to excuse himself for this freedom, he said: "It is not now to the king that I write, but to the philosopher, and in the name of philosophy"—a distinction which the

monarch himself had given the example of in their suppers at Sans Souci, where they freely conversed in the absence of the king, although at the same table with him. And he concluded his keen, yet guarded, reproaches, with that inimitable fable of the "Town and Country Mouse."

Yet, notwithstanding this appearance of resentment, the marquis D'Argens resolved to return to Frederick at the expiration of the stated period; but it cost him a severe struggle to determine on leaving Aix, to return to Berlin. It was to expose the remainder of his days to new scenes of vexation and disappointment, and shorten their duration. The agitated state of his mind, which this situation involved him in, produced the very effect he wished to have avoided, and he died without being able to fulfil his promise.

"In the midst of all these sufferings," says M. Thiebault, "he was detained at Bourg-en-Bresse by a long and very dangerous illness. The marchioness, whose whole care was devoted to him, never once thought of writing to the king, although the time of his leave of absence had expired. Frederick suspected him of wishing to deceive him. He sent to the marchioness's sister, and to all the members of the academy, with whom he was connected as the director, to know if they had not heard from him. And as he was informed, that no person had received any news of him, and that several months had passed without a letter either from the husband or the wife, the king's doubts were soon changed to certainty. His anger and his indignation were extreme. He despatched orders that very day to the different offices at which the salaries of the marquis were paid, strictly enjoining them to erase his name out of the publick books, and forbidding them to pay him any thing for the future. Sulzer, who received this order at the academy, thought it his duty to acquaint D'Argens, and in consequence of this determination, he privately gave a letter to a person who was going that way, and who promised to inquire for the marquis, and give him the letter if he should chance to meet him; if not, to address it under cover to the president D'Eguilles. The traveller found him at Bourg-en-Bresse, in a state of convalescence, and preparing to set off for Berlin. The letter produced an effect which might be expected. The old courtier was more irritated than afflicted. He wrote another, which was never made publick, but its contents may easily be guessed at, and immediately returned to his beloved retreat, from which he seldom went, except to make some few slight journeys through parts of Provence. It was in one of these excursions that he died at Toulouse, of an indigestion, on the 11th of January, 1771.

The publick journals and the writers of the day have asserted, that the marquis D'Argens received the sacraments before his death; that he read the Bible during his last illness, and that he caused himself to be admitted as a member of a society of penitents. Facts, which but little accord with the character of a man, who, always occupied by religious chicanery, theological disputations, and discourses of incredulity, had, however, a strong predeliction in favour of superstition, and the errours to which it gives rise.

In all that we have said here of the marquis D'Argens, we have scarcely made any mention of his works. They are, however, very numerous; but if we except "The Jewish Letters," or, as it was called in English, "The Jewish Spy," none of them appears to have given him any great title to Frederick's recommendation. And of all that he has written, his Memiors are at this day the most interesting, and offer an agreeable fund of amusement, which, at the same time makes you acquainted with both the men and the manners of the time in which he lived.

ON THE INSTINCT OF DOGS, AND AN ACCOUNT OF A REMARKABLE DOG.

[*Translated from the French.*]

SUCH is the depravation of the human species, that it is often compelled to seek, beyond its own limits, as well the example as the habitual practice of the most necessary virtues. Would we possess an incorruptible guardian, a faithful and disinterested companion, a friend whom adversity cannot alienate, we must not turn to man, for if we do, we shall only excite useless regret: regret to think that we must efface these estimable virtues from the history of society, or at most be content to recall peculiar instances, and admire them as something extraordinary, without, however, attempting to render them less rare.

But, on the contrary, a numerous species of animals present themselves, rich in the requisite gifts of sentiment, and happy in preserving them, without reserve, for the use of man, who too often only abuses them, and seldom ennobles them by appropriating them to himself. The proof which we have daily of the intelligence of dogs is, to every reflecting mind, a subject of astonishment and admiration. And no feeling heart can be insensible to the marks of constancy and attachment which they unceasingly lavish on us.

"I have seen," says Montiagne, in his *naïf* but philosophick language, "a dog, conducting a blind man by the side of a ditch in the city, leave a plain and even path and take a worse, in order to remove his master from the ditch. How could this dog conceive that it was his office to watch only for the safety of his master, and despise his own convenience? And how could he know that the path, which was broad enough for himself, was yet too narrow for a blind man? How could he comprehend all this without ratiocination?" [*Essais, liv.* ii. *ch.* 12.]

What attachment can be compared to that of the dog, seen by all Paris in 1660, who remained during many years upon the tomb of his master in the cemetery of the *Innocents?* In vain caresses were employed to induce him to quit the loved remains. Nothing could remove him from his post of fidelity and affliction. Several times he was removed by force, and shut up at the extremity of the city: but as soon as they loosened him, he returned to the spot which his constant affection had assigned to him, and where, exposed to the elements, he braved the rigour of the most severe winters. The inhabitants, who resided near the spot, touched with the perseverance of this interesting animal, supplied him with food, which he seemed to receive only as the means of prolonging his grief, and the example of a fidelity truly heroical.

More recently, Valenciennes was the witness of a similar event. An inhabitant of the city died. His dog followed him to the churchyard, and lay upon his tomb. Food was carried to him, which he refused to touch for three days. After having tried his fidelity by every means of enticement, a doghouse was built for him on the tomb, and he remained there for nine years without ever absenting himself more than twelve or fifteen paces from the spot, and he died then of old age and grief. [*See Cours d'histoire naturelle, ou tableau de la Nature; Paris,* 1770, *tom. II. p.* 103].

But it is not only with regard to its master that the dog develops all the superiority of its instinct. There are some to whom every human being is equally the object of his solicitude. There exists, for example, upon the high mountains of the Alps a particular race of dogs, the sole destination of which is to seek for travellers who may have been involved in the snow, lost in the midst of the thick fogs which prevail there, or bewildered in impassable paths during the tempests of winter. The

monks of Mount St. Bernard, hospitable inhabitants of these frozen and almost inaccessible heights, never fail to send. every day in winter, a confidential servant, accompanied by two dogs, for the purpose of meeting with travellers on the side of the Valais as far as St. Pierre. The dogs follow the steps of the person (if any) who has lost his way, overtake him, bring him back, and thus snatch him from inevitable death.

The hair of this sort of dogs is white with black spots round the ears; and others, which are smaller and of a fawn colour, near the eyes.

It is about the size of a mastiff. Its long hair, its pointed snout, and almost all the qualities of its body approximate it to the species of the shepherd dog, from which it probably proceeded, by an intermixture, not very ancient, with the mastiff.

This race is also estimable as a watch dog; so that it unites the good qualities of its original stock; the intelligence of the shepherd dog; and the vigilance of our yard dogs.

In the species of animals which man has domesticated, or rather reduced to a state of servitude, nature often produces monsters, either by excess or defect. Of the latter sort I will here cite an example as a new proof of the perfection of instinct in the dog, and of the resources of nature. It was first communicated to the publick by M. Peret, jun. in the *Journal du Physique*, for the month of August 1770.

In the month of July 1768, a black spaniel bitch, with red spots, littered eight young ones. She was only allowed to keep four, and of these four it was discovered in a few days that one was deprived of the two front paws. It was thought it would not live; but this defect of conformation did not prevent it from growing equally as fast and as strong as the others. And it was two years old when the following description of it was drawn up.

Two-legs, for so she was called, had a considerable resemblance to the wolfdog; but the body was more elongated. Her hair was long, rather rough, and of a brown colour. She often carried her ears erect. Her tail was a good deal like that of the fox, not only in its form, but also in the manner in which she carried it.

She would caress very freely, and approached towards persons whom she knew, upon her two hind-legs, which she held wide apart, and the toes very open. If she wished to advance quickly, she used the under part of her neck as a third leg to support herself with. She then proceeded with considerable velocity by successive leaps and springs; but this constrained progression fatigued her very much. Her respiration seemed to be interrupted each time her neck touched the ground; and to save her head and nose from the blows which they were likely to receive, the muscles of the neck were always in a state of contraction, in order that the head might constantly be erect.

If *Two-legs* heard any noise, she immediately sat upright, even for a considerable time. If she wished to go up stairs, she effected it pretty easily by means of her neck; but to descend was absolutely impossible. In 1769, this extraordinary creature had six young ones, none of which were in any manner deformed.

SINGULAR ACCOUNT OF AN EAGLE'S NEST.

[*From Hall's Travels in Scotland.*]

NOT many miles from Castle Grant, I found a gentleman who was not displeased that a couple of eagles, whose nest I went to see regularly every summer, built on a rock in the hill, not far from his house. There was a stone within a few yards of it, about six feet long, and nearly

as broad, and upon this stone, almost continually, but always when they [the eagles] had young, the gentleman and his servants found a number of muir fowl, partridges, hares, rabbits, ducks, snipes, ptarmacans, rats, mice, &c. and sometimes kids, fawns, and lambs. When the young eagles were able to hop the length of this stone, to which there was a narrow road, hanging over a dreadful precipice, as a cat brings live mice to her kittens, and teaches them to kill them, so the eagles, I learned, often brought hares and rabbits alive, and placing them before their young, taught them to kill and tear them to pieces. Sometimes, it seems, hares, rabbits, rats, &c. not being sufficiently tamed, got off from the young ones while they were amusing themselves with them; and one day, a rabbit got into a hole, where the old eagle could not find it. The eagle, one day, brought to her young ones the cub of a fox, which, after it had bitten some of them desperately, attempted to escape up the hill, and would, in all probability, have accomplished it, had not the shepherd, who was watching the motion of the eagles, with a view to shoot them (which they do with bullets, swan-shot not being able to penetrate their feathers) prevented it. As the eagles kept what might be called an excellent larder, when any visiters surprised the gentleman, he was in the habit of sending his servants to see what the eagles had to spare, and who scarcely ever returned without something good for the table. Game of all kinds, it is well known, is the better for being kept a considerable time.

When the gentleman or his servants carried off things from the eagle's shelf or table, near the nest (for it was next to impossible to approach the nest itself) the eagles were active in replenishing it; but when they did not take them away, the old ones loitered about inactive, amusing themselves with their young till the stock was nearly exhausted.

When the hen eagle was hatching, the table or shelf of the rock was generally kept well furnished for her use. While the eagles were very young, her mate generally tore a wing from the fowls for her, and a leg from the beasts he frequently brought. Those eagles, as is generally the case with animals that are not gregarious, were faithful to one another, but would not permit any of their young to build a nest, or live near them, always driving them to a considerable distance. The eagles of this country are uncommonly large and voracious, and their claws are so long and strong, that they are used by young people as a horn, with a stopper, for holding snuff, and carried regularly in the pocket for that purpose.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I HAVE long been in possession of an anecdote of one of the brute creation, which I send to you, not so much for the amusement of your readers, as that Mr. Bingley may, if he thinks it worthy, insert it in the next edition of his Animal Biography. It is strictly true, and would have appeared before, had it been less extraordinary; for nothing but diffidence has hindered me from sending it. But recollecting that truth needs not to be ashamed, it is brought before the publick, and is as follows. Walking with a lady through some meadows between two villages, of the names of Upper and Lower Slaughter, in the county of Gloucester, the path

lay within about one hundred yards of a small brook. Many ewes and lambs were in the meadow. We were about half way over it when a ewe came up to us and bleated very loudly, looking up in my face; and then ran off towards the brook. I could not help remarking this extraordinary behaviour; but my attention was particularly roused when she repeated it; and, bleating louder, seemed to wish to signify something in particular. She then ran off as before in the same direction, repeatedly looking behind her till she reached the brook, where she stood still. After standing to look at her some time, we continued our walk, and had nearly reached the gate that led into the next meadow, when she came running after us the third time, and seemed yet more earnest, if possible, than before. I then determined to endeavour to discover the motive for such singular behaviour. I followed the ewe towards the brook; seeing me advance, she ran as fast as she was able, looking behind her several times; when we came to the brook; she peeped over the edge of a hillock, into the water, looked up in my face, and bleated with the most significant voice I ever heard from a quadruped. Judge of my surprise, when, on looking into the stream, I saw her lamb standing close under the hillock, with the water nearly over its back. I instantly drew it out, when the fond mother began to lick, and give it suck, and, looking up to me, uttered several sounds very different from those she had uttered before; and evidently expressing satisfaction and pleasure. I needed not those thanks; for I never performed one action in my life that gave me more unmixed pleasure; nor did ever brute appear more grateful. Your's &c.

J. COLLET.

The following digest of the necessary rules for making *bon mots*, satirical attacks, and sarcastick retorts, are extracted from Bannantine's New Joe Miller.

FEEL your ground before you take a single step, and adapt yourself to your company. You may find yourself among a set of wretches who never read Joe Miller, and yet have comprehension enough to understand him. This is fine! Make the most of such a situation; for it is a happiness not often to recur. If any aspiring member venture to oppose you, crush him without mercy. If you do *not* know what he is going to say, tell him you can help him out in that story, should he be at a loss; if you *do*, cut him short, by snatching the sting of the tale from him, and turn it against himself. *You* will get the laugh, and the audience will be happy to reduce him to their own level, by measuring him with you.

Never mind what smart you occasion, provided you can say a smart thing. Your enemy you have a right to wound; and with whom can you take a liberty, if not with a friend? A pretty thing, truly, if a jest were to be stifled because it might give pain! It would give much more to suppress it: and if others do not like the taste, how can they expect you to swallow it?

Latin *bon mots* are safe, if you are sure of the pronunciation; for they who understand them will laugh naturally, and they who do not, for fear of being thought ignorant. With women this rule will not apply; do not, therefore, in their society, quote Horace, or confess yourself a freemason; for they naturally hate and suspect whatever they are excluded from.

It is a very successful and laudable practice to poach upon Joe's premises with some poor dog who is fain at

night to start the game, which you have marked down in the morning. At the given signal, let fly, and you are sure to kill the prey, and perhaps some of the company with laughter. Be sure that your pointer is stanch.

When you launch a good thing, which is only heard by the person next you, wait patiently for a pause, and throw in again. Your neighbour, possibly, will not renew his laugh, but will excuse you, well knowing that you cannot afford to throw away a good thing.

If your party be stupid, and you want an excuse for getting away, give vent to some double entendres to distress the women. This will answer your purpose; for the men must be fools, indeed, if they do not kick you down stairs.

In the want of other subjects for your raillery and sneers, personal defects form a tempting source of pleasantry. When your wit has not a leg of its own to stand on, it may run some time upon your neighbour's wooden one. At least a dozen jokes may be endorsed upon a hump back; and you may make a famous handle of a long nose, by inquiring of its proprietor whether he can reach to blow it; whether he can hear himself sneeze, &c. &c. Take care, however, while making fun with his nose, that he does not make free with yours.

If your party be equal to yourself, in their knowledge of *the books*, or talent for extempore repartee, laugh loud at your own sayings, and pretend not to hear theirs. Laughter is catching, though wit is not.

If they be decidedly superiour in both these requisites, have a bad headach and be silent. You could not speak to advantage, and it's better to be pitied for having a pain in the head, than for having nothing in it.

Mimickry and buffoonery are good substitutes for wit. Thus you may make some use of a prosing old poet, by listening to him with feigned attention, and at the same time thrusting your tongue in the opposite cheek. This will amuse the company, and cannot offend the old gentleman, for he will be wise enough to wish your tongue kept where it is.

Beware of quizzing your host too severely, or he will not ask you again. Be merry and wise. A laugh is a tempting thing, I own; so is turtle soup. Always remember that a good dinner is in itself a good thing, and the only one that will bear frequent repetition.

If you have once got a man down, belabour him without mercy. Remember the saying of the Welch boxer: "Ah, sir, if you knew the trouble I have had in getting him down, you would not ask me to let him get up again."

Invariably preserve your best joke for the last; and when you have uttered it, follow the example now set you, by taking your leave.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE ENGLISH AMBASSADOUR'S AUDIENCE WITH THE SULTAN.

[*From Mac Gill's Travels.*]

DURING my absence in Russia, his excellency Mr. Arbuthnot, our new ambassadour at the porte, arrived in Constantinople. Yesterday he had his audience with the sultan, which, as the mode of conducting it was somewhat singular, I shall describe to you.

Yesterday morning, by five o'clock, the whole of the British at the time in Constantinople repaired to the palace of the Swedish envoy, where his excellency our ambassadour waited for them, to proceed to his audience with the sultan. Before six the whole procession was in motion. The ambassadour was carried in a chair by six men in red robes, with high hairy caps on their heads. On each side of the chair walked one of his excellency's armed attendants, namely, his hussar and his sports-

man. The chair was followed by another, which was empty, and then by the secretaries, dragomen, and gentlemen and factors, who happened to be then in the country.

In this manner we proceeded to the water side at Tophana, where boats where provided for us by order of the Porte, to carry us across the Golden Horn, where, when we arrived, we found horses from the stud of the sultan waiting to convey us to the seraglio. After some little ceremonies we again set forward for the Sublime Porte. Before entering it, we all alighted, and proceeded onward between the gates. The outer and inner ones were then shut, and information was sent to the divan, that an infidel ambassadour was without, who wished to throw himself at the feet of the great sultan. The place in which we were enclosed is that where criminals are decapitated, and where the heads of traitors are exposed for the satisfaction of the sultan. After a short time the inner gate was thrown open, and an exhibition truly novel presented itself. A great number of dishes of pillau and cakes of bread were strowed on the ground at appropriate distances, which, at a signal given, a troop of janizaries ran in, in the nimblest manner, and carried off. On inquiry, I found that this grotesque spectacle was intended to show to us infidels in what manner the Turkish troops are fed, and also how active they are.

At length we were permitted to advance, and after crossing an exteriour court of the seraglio, arrived at the entrance of the divan, near the door of which were exposed on the ground the presents brought by the ambassadour, in order to gain or secure the friendship of the Turks. Amongst these were several pieces of fine cloth, some of rich silk, a table clock, and many other articles.

Here his excellency presented his credentials to the vizir, who by some gentlemen of the long robe sent them to the sultan to know his pleasure. The interval between this and the arrival of the answer was employed by us in examining and admiring the magnificence of the apartment in which we were, and which was richly gilt and painted on the roof and columns. The floor was of variegated marble; around the room were sophas covered with costly stuff; in the middle of the side opposite the door, upon a cushion more elevated than the rest, sat the vizir; over his head we observed the little window covered by a thick grating, at which it is said the sultan sits to hear what passes on occasions of this kind. It was evident to perceive through the grating that some person sat there; but conjecture alone could lead us to conclude that it was Selim.

A gracious answer from the Sultan at length arrived, which was received with a shout of "Long live the king of kings, Selim the sultan of sultans." Here every one arose; even his highness the vizir, slipt from his throne, and met the bearer half way to the door. The order was delivered into his hands. He first kissed it, then placed it to his forehead, kissed it again, and then, and not till then, presumed to break the seals. The order was to feed, wash, and clothe the infidels, and then admit them to his presence. In a short time, some little stools were arranged, in different parts of the divan, on the top of which were placed large trays of gold and silver, about four feet diameter, and of a circular form, from which we were to be fed at the expense of the Turks. A most sumptuous entertainment was served up; first a kind of blancmanger, next different kinds of roasted and baked meats; sweetmeats followed; and to conclude, a delicious cooling sherbet was handed round in gold and silver basins.

We experienced one grievous want at this feast, for we were not furnish-

ed either with knife or fork, and were obliged to tear in pieces whatever was set before us; for the articles of a liquid kind, spoons of tortoise-shell, studded with gold, were handed to us.

The eating part of the farce being over, perfumed water was poured on the hands of his excellency, and a napkin of rich embroidery was thrown to him to wipe them with. He was farther perfumed with aloes wood and ambergris.

The usual ceremony of paying the janizaries takes place in general after this part of the audience, but his excellency had, I suppose, expressed himself sufficiently satisfied of the riches of the sultan, and it was dispensed with.

I happened to be in Constantinople at a former period when two senators of Ragusa came to pay their tribute to the Porte, and was present at their audience, when the usual entertainment for the ambassadours, of paying the janizaries, was gone through, a description of which may, perhaps, amuse you. On quitting the divan, the senators and suite were conducted to a place in the court immediately opposite to the door of it, where seats were prepared for their reception. The servants of the porte then brought out a number of leathern purses, which were strowed on the ground, and supposed to contain the pay of one company. The colonel of the company then gave the word, upon which the men came running forward, snatched up the purses, and carried them to some other quarter, where they divided them. This they repeated again and again. At the audience of the Ragusans it lasted upwards of an hour and a half; at that of lord Elgin, this farce continued some hours when his lordship, with just indignation, declared, that if it was not concluded immediately, he would return home.

We were now marched to a kind of open room under the piazzas, where coffee was served, and where the infidels were clothed in a manner suitable to their making their appearance before the sublime sultan. This dress consisted of pelisses; that of his excellency was lined with samour, worth no small sum. Those for the secretaries were very good. The dragomen, who generally take care of themselves, having in some measure the arrangement of this part of the business, were served with a pelisse each, little inferiour to that of the ambassadour; the others were of trifling value.

To the presence of the sultan only fourteen can be admitted, and they must be unarmed; so here his excellency, and those who wore swords, unbuckled. We now passed to the gate of the second court, where we encountered the first guard of eunuchs. This guard was composed of the ugliest monsters that ever wore the human form. Their features were horrible, with the flesh depending from them. Their faces were of the most deadly hue. Each infidel was now adorned with two eunuchs, who laid a paw on each shoulder, to signify when he was to bend before the king of kings, and also to prevent outrage in his presence. In this manner we promenaded the second court, and were soon ushered into the august presence.

The sultan was sitting on a bed, for his throne has the appearance of a large four-posted bed, indeed it is exactly of that shape; the posts were inlaid with precious stones; the cushion on which Selim sat was composed of a massy embroidery of pearls; before him stood his boots, beside him lay his sword, and some turbans of state with rich aigrettes in them.

Selim is a man of about forty-three years of age; his beard is become grisly; his countenance is attractive, the tout ensemble of his physiognomy benign; he never lifted his eyes, nor even gave a side glance; the ambassadour made a polite speech to him, which the prince Marwze, first

dragoman at the Porte, translated to the vizir, who repeated it to the sultan; he made his reply in simple, kind, and elegant expressions. It was likewise spoken to the vizir, who passed it to the prince, who then repeated it to the British company's dragoman, and he to the ambassadour. Our audience being finished, we turned to depart, still in our humiliating condition, like criminals. The sultan, just as we were leaving the room, desired the dragoman to inform his excellency that he had ordered him a horse, which he hoped would turn out a good one. His excellency thanked him, and we departed. A strong guard of janizaries attended during the whole of the procession.

Our return from the audience was nearly the same as our entry. We passed over the outward court of the seraglio, and without the Porte found our horses in waiting where we had left them. As we crossed the water, several British and Maltese vessels saluted us. Indeed they had done so in the morning. We conducted the ambassadour to the Swedish palace, and were refreshed with lemonade, sweet cakes, &c. The party then broke up to meet again at Tarapea, the residence of Mr. Arbuthnot, where we were invited to dinner. In the evening we had a ball.

The audience, upon the whole, was grand, and came up, in a great measure, to my expectations. It was humiliating, to be sure, to be kept like prisoners so long in that horrible place the Porte, and had we understood the language, the being treated with "infidel" at every corner would have been insufferable. But the manners of the Turks, in every stage of the business, was friendly and kind. They have a greater regard for the English than for any other nation, both for those in the distinguished employments, and for the mercantile part of them. Ever since the affair of Egypt, they talk of Nelson, sir Sidney, their old acquaintance, whom they will tell you they have seen, and general Stewart, with delight and enthusiasm. They highly respect the mercantile world, and say the word of an Englishman is as good as any other man's writing, who is not a mussulman.

The dinner at Tarapea consisted of all that taste could display, or the appetite desire; the rarities of the season were washed down in libations of the choicest wines. The party was elegant, but not gay. We were deprived by her indisposition of the presence of the amiable and beautiful ambassadress; the sickness of his beloved consort threw a gloom over his excellency, who, notwithstanding, strove to appear cheerful. In the evening, however, we found her adorning the drawing room, where were also the ambassadours of the other missions and their ladies, with most of the ladies and gentlemen attached to them, who had been invited to pay their court on this occasion. According to the eastern custom, coffee and sweetmeats were served up, and the ball commenced by those who chose to dance, leading their partners to the hall, where a band of musick was playing. Rooms were prepared for those who chose to play at cards. During the evening, ices and lemonade were handed round; the dance continued with much vivacity until some hours after midnight, when the party returned to their respective homes.

The moon shone bright, and shed a charming lustre over the mountains, crowned with the gloomy cypress; the most death-like stillness reigned over the canal, interrupted only by the fall of the oar, which beat in agreeable cadence to the breast, which had been agitated with the dance, or with some softer emotion, for the scene of the evening afforded a rich display of beauty.

The contrast was striking between the elegant simplicity of the English dress, and the gaudy show of the Grecian. Her excellency was attired in a plain, but costly suit. The other ladies were decked out in rich

furred gowns of silver, gold, or rich silk stuffs, and all the family diamonds were displayed on this occasion, stuck on without either art or elegance.

The ambassadour appeared in the evening in the Windsor uniform. His dress in the morning was rich embroidery. The gentlemen of the other missions wore the uniform of their respective courts.

POETRY.

A POETICAL RECIPE FOR THE ASTHMA.

GOUT and *rheumatism* have found shelter in your pages, and perhaps many may be now deriving ease and benefit from the remedies you have promulgated. Then why not *asthma*, a disease (and I speak from experience) as afflictive as either of the above? To be sure, my recipe has not such a grave appearance as my predecessors; but Apollo is the god of physick and of poetry too; and why may not his disciples use both when they can? That the remedies and precautions contained in the following are *practically good*, I myself know: and it is something novel to have a poetical recipe.

I remain &c.
SHORTBREATH.

COME, old friend, accept of me
The following rules, without a fee.
An asthma is your case, I think;
So you must neither eat nor drink:
I mean of meats preserved in salt,
Nor any liquors made from malt;
From seasoned sauce avert your eyes,
From hams and tongues and pigeon pies:
If venison pasty's set before ye,
Each bit you eat—*memento mori*.
Your supper—nothing if you please,
But above all, no toasted cheese.
'Tis likely you will now observe,
What I prescribe will make you starve.
No; I allow you at a meal,
Part of a neck, loin, or leg of veal;
Young turkies too, I'll let you eat;
Partridges and pullets, by way of treat.
House-lamb boiled, I suffer too—
The devil's in't if that won't do.
Now as to liquor, why, indeed,
Might I advise, it should be mead;
Glasses of wine, to extinguish drought—
Drink two with water, three without.
Let constant exercise be tried,
And sometimes walk, and sometimes ride;
Health's oftner found on Highgate-hill
Than in the doctor's nauseous pill.
Be not in haste, nor think to do
Your business with a purge or two;
Some, if they are not well at once,
Proclaim the doctor for a dunce:
Restless from quack to quack they range,
When 'tis themselves they ought to change.
Nature hates violence and force,
By method led and gentle course:
Rules and restraints you must endure—
Ills brought by time, 'tis time must cure.
The use of vegetables try,
And prize Pomona in a pye:
Young Bacchus' rites you must avoid,
And leave fair Venus unenjoyed.
Whate'er you take put something good in,
And worship Ceres in a pudding.
For breakfast, it is my advice,
Eat gruel, sago, barley, rice;
Take burdoch roots, and by my troth,
I'd mingle daisies in the broth.
Thus you with ease may draw your breath,
Deluding what you dread most—death;
Laugh with your friends, be gay, and thrive,
Enriched by those whom you survive.

TO GERALDINE.

O LADY, list not lover's sighs,
If you are rich as well as fair,
Nor heed the gaze of tearless eyes:
No love is there.
Mistrust the vows in rapture made,
The bended knee and mournful air,
The homage to thy beauty paid:
Can love be there?
And disregard the tuneful strain,
That tells of passion and despair,
That warbles forth harmonious pain:
Love is not there.
Perhaps a silent lover sighs,
That you are rich as well as fair,
O lady, watch his tearful eyes,
For love is there.
He thinks what others only say,
And fain would speak, if he might dare,
But on his lips love dies away,
While love is there.

In silence and in solitude,
He nurses love and hides despair,
O let not now thy wealth intrude!
Love, love is there.

ALPHONSO.

EPIGRAM,

By a country clergyman to a lady, who had sent him her compliments on the ten of hearts.

YOUR compliments, dear lady, pray forbear;
Old English services are more sincere.
You send *ten hearts;* the *tithe* is only mine;
Give me but *one*, and burn the other *nine*.

"LOVE AND PRUDENCE.

[*By Laura Sophia Temple.*]

'Twas yet the dawn of youth's gay hour,
E'er mild content had fled my bower,
Joy's rosy orb illum'd my sky,
And fancy lit my roving eye;
I laughed at danger's whispered threat,
With maddest hopes my vain heart beat;
'Twas then that Prudence crossed my way,
And often, often would she say,
'Check thy wild course, and follow me.'
I murmured at her harsh command,
I would not take her offered hand;
'What,' I exclaimed, '*already* come,
All my best feelings to benumb?
Grant to my prayers a short delay,
Oh! call again some other day!
Full soon will time my minutes steal
And on my forehead fix his seal—
Then, then cold nymph I'll follow thee.'
She sighed, and went,—I dropped a tear,
But still pursued my mad career.
While thus I joyous skipped along,
I heard a soft and melting song,
Onward I bounded—for the strain
Thrilled to my heart, and pierced my brain—
But Prudence stopped me—tho' repelled
Still she returned—my steps withheld,
And mournful whispered, 'follow me.'
I turned me from her stedfast eye,
And from her presence longed to fly—
O it was love's voluptuous lay
Tempted my truant feet to stray!
That o'er my cheated senses stole,
And robbed of energy my soul:
That bade my tongue to Prudence say,
'Thou meddling fool!—away—away!
I cannot,—*will* not,—follow thee.'
O'er flowery paths I gayly stept,
Prudence the while looked on and wept.
I gazed on love's enchanting smile,
And doated on the gentle wile;
'Tis not for *my* weak lips to tell
The magick of each wonderous spell,
Which did my bosom's peace betray,
And tempted still my tongue to say:
'Prudence, I will not follow thee.'
Thus was my feeble judgment led
By all that Love, or looked or said;
Thus was my raw unpractised youth
Deceived by falshood—decked in truth;
But when I proved that angel smile
The worthless covering of guile—
O when my dark and vast despair,
Had found his promises were air—
Then did remorse my bosom rend—
And clasping Prudence, as my friend,
'Lead on'—I cried 'I'll follow *thee*.'

A VALENTINE FROM CONSTANCE TO MELLIDOR.

[*By Miss Trefusis.*]

I.

ERE yet the harbinger of day
Shed one faint beam, one cheering ray,
Impatient love, with fond delight,
Sought, by the glimmering taper's light,
The pictured lineaments to trace
Of Mellidor's bewitching face;
Prest to her lips the ring, the glove,
Sweet pledges of his valued love;
Then dropt a solitary tear
That her sweet tyrant was not near;
Dared for a moment to repine,
And blame her careless Valentine.

II.

O man! how little dost thou know
The sources whence *our* pleasures flow!
O man! how little canst thou share
The soft refinements of the fair!
Those heavenly nothings which we prize,
Your grosser appetites despise:
Ne'er in your hacknied bosoms live
Those loyal sentiments, which give
A sacred character to love,
And prove its mission from above.
Alas! my every wish was thine,
But the world shared my Valentine!

III.

Loud howl the stormy winds around,
Winter's hoar honours strow the ground:
Brilliant the sun, though cold his ray;
Ah! such the sun who rules *my* day!
Long, long he promised to be here,
To claim me for the ensuing year;
But gayer scenes his thoughts employ,
He steals from love what's given to joy:
That he may hasten back again,
In time to join gay folly's train,
Love's sacred promise he'd resign,
And slight his faithful Valentine!

IV.

Else Mellidor had never roved
Far from the little form he loved

On this eventful day, while she
Past her lone hours in misery!—
Alas! should the desire of change
Induce my Mellidor to range,
Should sickening security
Tempt him to court variety,
If I've been loved, alas! too long,
May tender recollections throng
Round that dear heart and keep it mine,
Lest death should claim thy Valentine!

V.

When to love's influence woman yields,
She loves for life! and daily feels
Progressive tenderness!—each hour
Confirms, extends, the tyrant's power!
Her lover is her god! her fate!—
Vain pleasures, riches, worldly state,
Are trifles all!—each sacrifice
Becomes a dear and valued prize,
If made for him, e'en though he proves
Forgetful of their former loves!
O never to forget be thine,
Lest madness seize thy Valentine.

VI.

Think, Mellidor, on former days,
Think on the thousand winning ways
By which my heart thou didst obtain!
The fond, fond look, the melting strain,
The frequent letter, praises bland,
This tenderly imprisoned hand;
Full many an eve together past,
Each eve more valued than the last;
When by the sun's declining rays
I dared the transitory gaze,
Read in those eyes that flame divine,
Now—felt but by thy Valentine!

VII.

Alas, those days are gone and past:
They were too exquisite to last;
The charm of novelty is o'er,
And Constance is beloved no more!
Yon light coquet, so gross, so vain,
Parades thee in her vulgar train,
With worthless rivals blends thy name,
And wrests from hoping crowds her fame!
Ah, dearest youth! canst thou prefer
This love's itinerant, to her
Whose soul, whose wishes, all were thine,
Who lives but in her Valentine.

VIII.

Ah no! thou art too good, too pure,
Such shameful shackles to endure,
Such hacknied favours to receive!
Thy Constance never will believe
These groundless rumours! dearest youth,
Repeat those vows of love and truth,
Which oft with ecstacy I heard,
And to heaven's richest gifts preferr'd!
But should the dreadful tale be true,
Hide, hide thy frailties from my view;
Still let me think each virtue thine,
Still proudly bless my Valentine!

MARY. A SIMPLE SONG.

[*By Miss Trefusis*].

I.

HE is gone! he is gone! how bitter the tear
Which furrow'd my cheek at our last sad adieu,
When all sobbing, I cried: "Farewell to my dear!
Remember your Mary! believe her sincere,
Then slight, if you can, her who lives but for you!"

II.

My Francis may meet with a face far more fair,
With smiles more seductive, more artful than mine:
On my brow love has graven the wrinkles of care;
The blossoms of youth felt the blight of despair;
Yet scorn me not, Francis, the fault sure was thine!

III.

If the light foot of frolick is Mary's no more,
If dimpling hilarity shrinks from her cheek,
Thy smiles can the innocent vagrants restore;
The cup of contentment would quickly run o'er,
If the dark eye of Francis love's language should speak!

IV.

Then let not the stranger thy fancy beguile,
Though deckt in the treasures of beauty and youth:
For the heart of thy Mary (though breaking the while
From the lures of each wanton) shall yield thee a smile,
By tenderness drawn from the fountains of truth!"

PHILOSOPHICAL AND ECONOMICAL INTELLIGENCE.

An Elegant Method of obtaining very exact and pleasing Representations of Plants.

TAKE the plant of which you wish to obtain a representation, and lay it on some sheets of blossom or blotting paper, and having properly displayed the leaves and flowers, so as to lie in the most advantageous manner, lay some more of the same kind of paper upon it, and a large book, or some other convenient weight upon it, in order to press it with a gentle degree of pressure. In this state let it remain two or three days, then remove the upper paper, and see whether the plant be sufficiently firm or stiff to bear removing. When this is the case, smear over every part of the plant with ink, made by dissolving a quantity of Indian ink in warm water; then carefully lay the smeared side on a piece of clean and strong white paper, and covering it with a piece of the blossom, or soft paper, press with the hand on every part, and rub it uniformly over After remaining some time longer, remove it from the paper, and a distinct and beautiful impression will remain, far exceeding, in softness of appearance, if well conducted, and justness of representation, even the most elaborate and highly finished engraving. It is only to be lamented, that, in this method of figuring plants, some of the minuter characters of the flower must unavoidably be expressed indistinctly. These, however, as well as any other minute parts, which may not have been impressed with sufficient sharpness, may be added with a pencil and Indian ink. Sometimes a small press is made use of in this process; and various compositions may also be used, as well as Indian ink: viz. a kind of fine printer's ink, composed of lamp-black, with linseed oil, &c. The figures may occasionally be coloured afterwards, in the manner of engravings. Their great merit consists in so happily expressing what botanists term the habit, or true general aspect of the natural plants; a particular in which even the best and most elaborate engravings are found defective. Your's, &c.

WILLIAM PYBUS.

An Experiment on Soapsuds as a Manure. By Mr. G Irwin, of Taunton, with remarks by the rev. Thomas Falconer.

A FEW years since, says this writer, my attention was attracted by the soil of a garden reduced to a state of poverty, very unfriendly to vegetation. An invigorating manure was necessary; but such a stimulus could not easily be procured. Considering upon the means, it occurred that possibly some trivial advantage might be derived from the oil and alkali, remaining in the water after washing, commonly called soap-suds. Pits were immediately dug, and the contents of the washing tubs, after they were done with, emptied into them As washing succeeded washing other pits were dug and filled, so that a whole garden, a small portion excepted, was watered and enriched. Upon the spot purposely neglected, vegetation, says the writer, is still languid, while the residue of the garden, invigorated by suds only, annually exhibits a luxuriance almost equal to any thing this fertile neighbourhood can produce. We have known this kind of manure, and even another kind of domestick lie, applied with success to the roots of the vine.

But the mixture of an oil and an alkali has been more generally known than adopted as a remedy against the insects which infect wall fruit trees. It will destroy the insects which have formed their nests and bred among the leaves. Used in the early part of the year it will prevent insects from settling upon the leaves. It is also preferable to the lime water, or wood ashes and lime, because lime loses its causticity by being exposed to the air. The only difficulty is in the mode of applying it. Mr. Speechley, in his treatise on the vine, directs it to be poured from a ladder out of a watering pot, over both trees and wall, beginning at the top of the wall, and bringing it on, in courses, from top to bottom. The Rev. Mr. Falconer thinks a considerable extent of wall may be washed by means of a common garden pump, in a short time, as often as a supply of suds, &c. can be had; or a quantity of potash of commerce dissolved in water may be substituted. Washing the trees and the wall twice a week for three or four weeks in the spring will sufficiently secure the fruit from the injuries of insects. This upon the whole, he thinks a valuable manure, as it can be easily obtained, at a small expense and in large quantities; and when its nature is understood, will probably be no less esteemed than horse dung. To the gardener as well as the farmer, mixed with mould, it is also useful as a fertilizing compost.

Mr. Andrew Brown has obtained a patent for Improvements in the Construction of a Press, for printing Books and other Articles, part of which may be applied to Presses in common use.

THESE improvements are on the press itself; on the use of barrels or cylinders for feeding the types with ink; and in the loose frisket and manner of using it. The press is made of cast iron, as is also the bed which must be accurately faced for the types to lie on. A follower gives pressure on the types, and is fixed to the screw. In using this press, the cast iron bed slides out below the roller or cylinder, which revolves round and feeds the types with ink. It is covered with flannel, or any other elastick substance, and then is covered with parchment or vellum, or other proper materials to prevent the ink from soaking too far in, and likewise to give it a spring, and afterwards is covered with superfine wollen cloth, for the purpose of receiving the ink to supply the types. There is a large barrel, or cylinder, and also a smaller one; the former having received the ink from the trough underneath it, the latter rolls on the other, and distributes or spreads out the ink on the face of it; or it may be necessary, with the small barrel or cylinder, occasionally to use a brush to distribute the ink, or lay the ink on the large barrel. The large barrel feeds the other with ink, and that revolves and feeds the types by the motion of the spindle, which moves the bed. Mr. B. is able to apply the barrels or cylinders, which he reckons his principal improvement, to presses now in common use, by means of a fly-wheel and traddle, which give motion to the two barrels or cylinders, and distribute the ink over the types, to feed them with ink either by the motion of the hand or fly-wheel, or by other methods well known to every mechanick.

Frederick Bartholomew Folsch and William Howard have obtained a patent for a certain Machine, Instrument, or Pen, calculated to promote Facility in Writing: and also a certain Black Writing Ink or Composition, the Durability whereof is not to be affected by Time, or change of Climate.

THE pen is made of glass, enamel, or other substance capable of admitting a bore. The point is small and finely polished; but the part above the point is large enough to hold as much or more ink than a common writing pen. The composition is a mixture of equal parts of Frankfort black and fresh butter, which is smeared over paper and rubbed off after a certain time. The paper thus smeared is to be pressed for some hours, taking care to have sheets of blotting paper between each of the sheets of black paper. When fit for use, the paper is put between sheets of this blackened paper, and the upper sheet is to be written on with common ink with the glass or enamel pen. By this method not only the copy is obtained on which you write, but also two or more made by means of the blackened paper.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

☞ COMMUNICATIONS for this head, from authors and booksellers, post paid, will be inserted free of expense. Literary advertisements will be printed upon the covers at the usual price.

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